RUDDIGORE

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VOCAL SCORE.

RUDDIGORE;

OR,

THE WITCH'S CURSE.

BY

W. S. GILBERT

AND

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

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RUDDIGORE; or, THE WITCH'S CURSE!

Dramatis Personæ.

MORTALS.

ROBIN OAKAPPLE (*A Young Farmer*)

RICHARD DAUNTLESS (*His Foster-Brother—A Man-o'-wars-man*)

SIR DESPARD MURGATROYD (*Of Ruddigore—A Wicked Baronet*)

OLD ADAM GOODHEART (*Robin's Faithful Servant*)

ROSE MAYBUD (*A Village Maiden*)

MAD MARGARET

DAME HANNAH (*Rose's Aunt*)

ZORAH, RUTH } (*Professional Bridesmaids*)

GHOSTS.

SIR RUPERT MURGATROYD (*The First Baronet*)

SIR JASPER MURGATROYD (*The Third Baronet*)

SIR LIONEL MURGATROYD (*The Sixth Baronet*)

SIR CONRAD MURGATROYD (*The Twelfth Baronet*)

SIR DESMOND MURGATROYD (*The Sixteenth Baronet*)

SIR GILBERT MURGATROYD (*The Eighteenth Baronet*)

SIR MERVYN MURGATROYD (*The Twentieth Baronet*)

AND

SIR RODERIC MURGATROYD (*The Twenty-first Baronet*)

CHORUS OF OFFICERS, ANCESTORS, AND PROFESSIONAL BRIDESMAIDS.

ACT I.—The Fishing Village of Rederring, in Cornwall.

ACT II.—Picture Gallery in Ruddigore Castle.

RUDDIGORE;

OR, THE WITCH'S CURSE.

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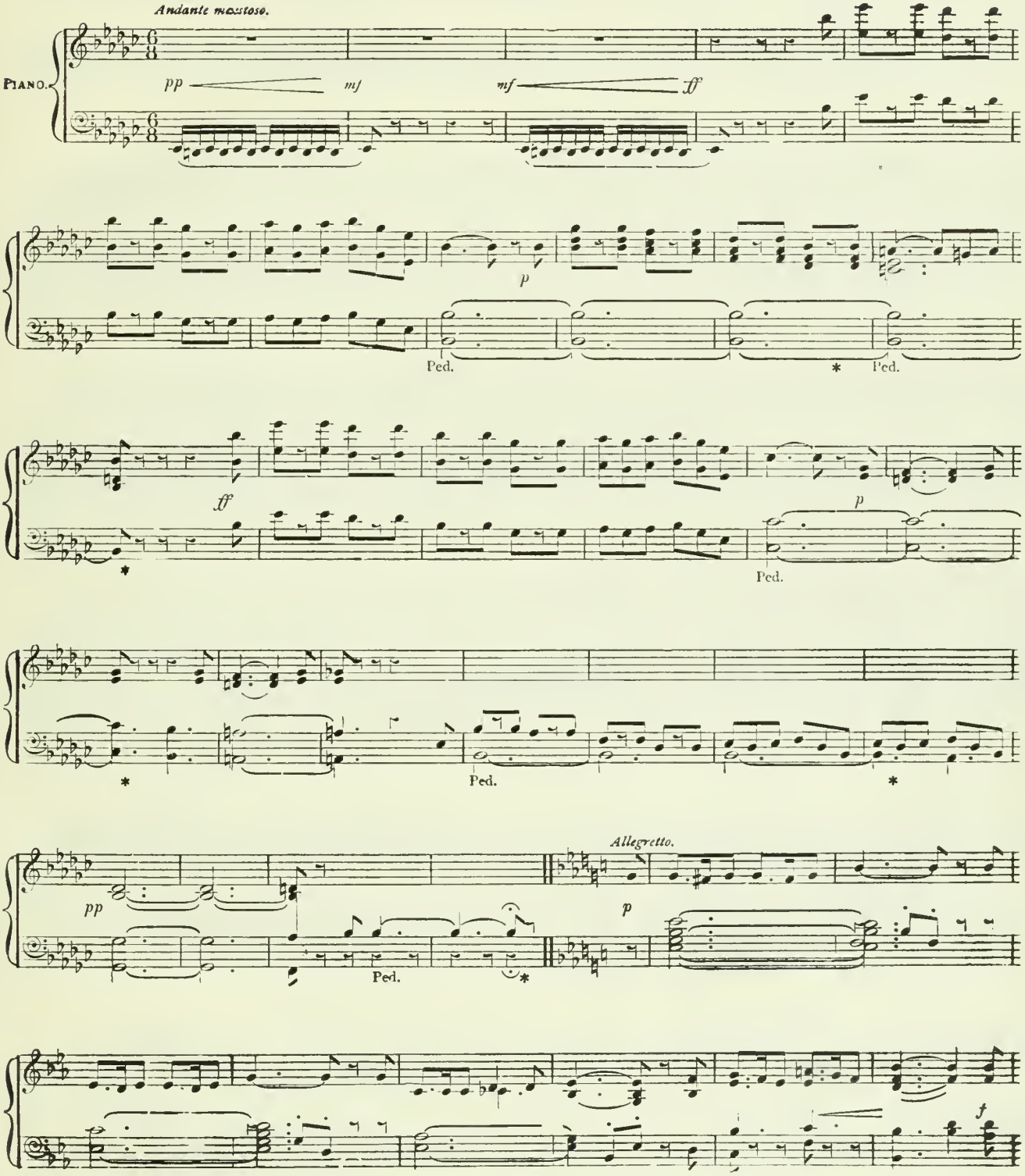
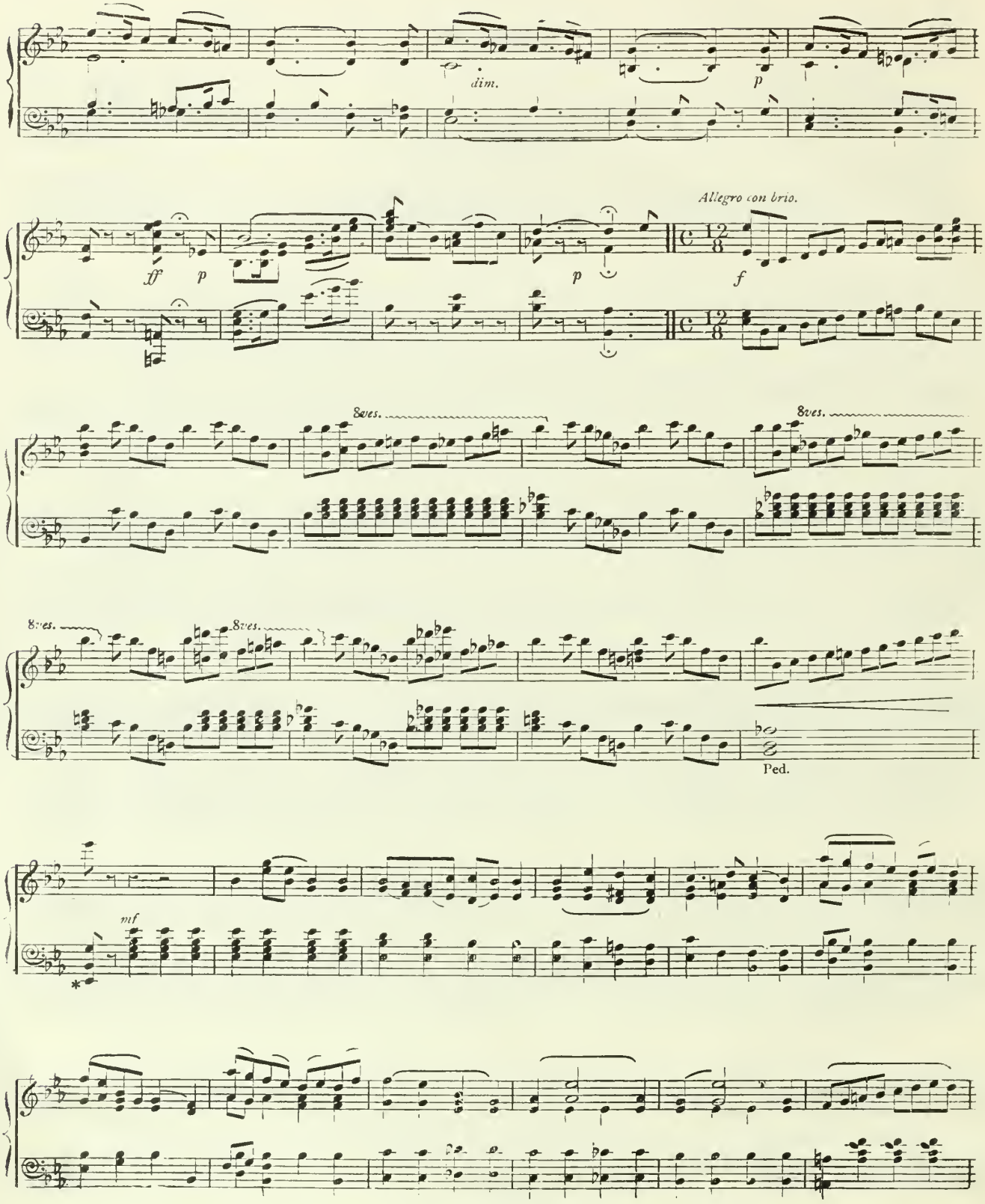
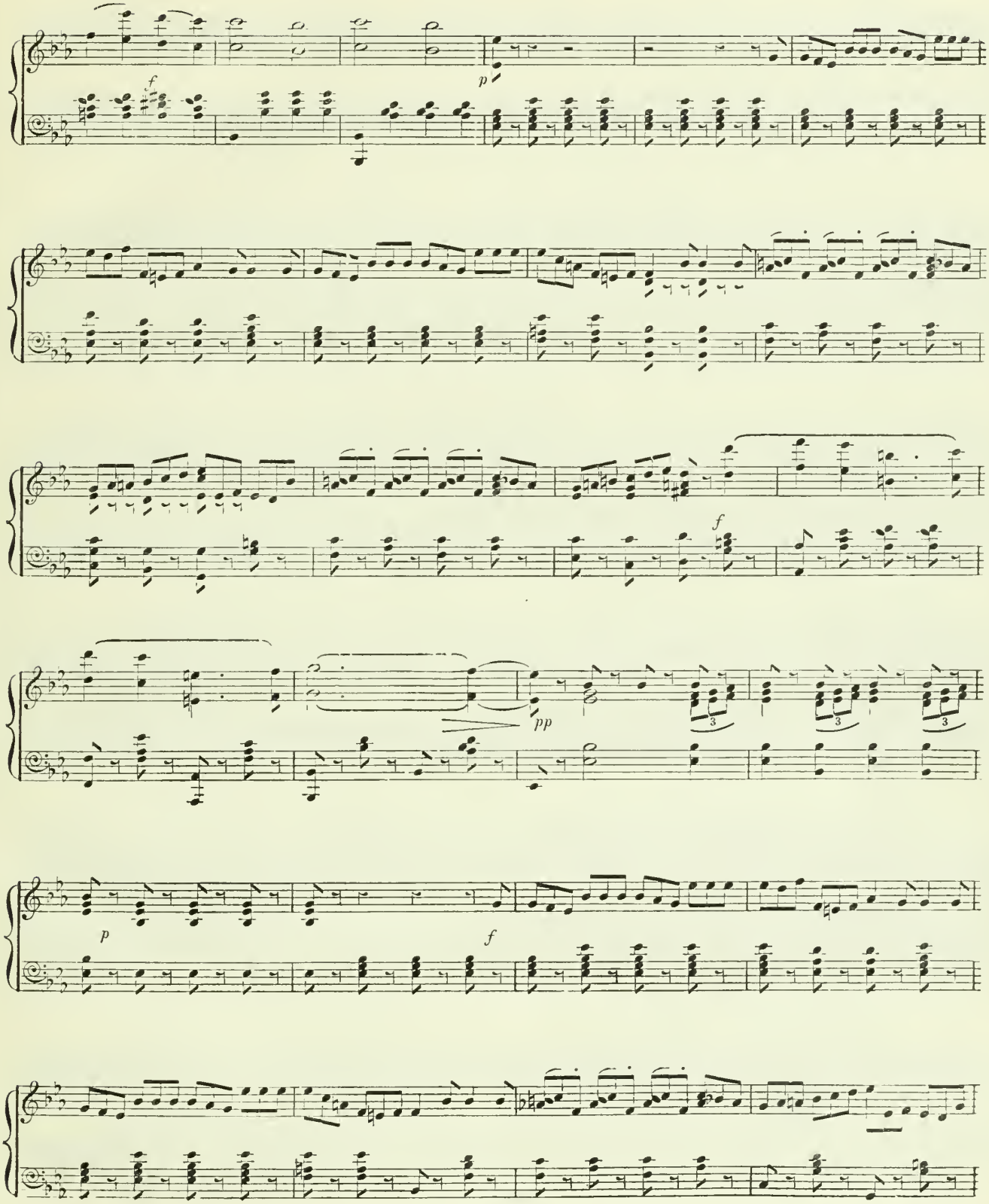
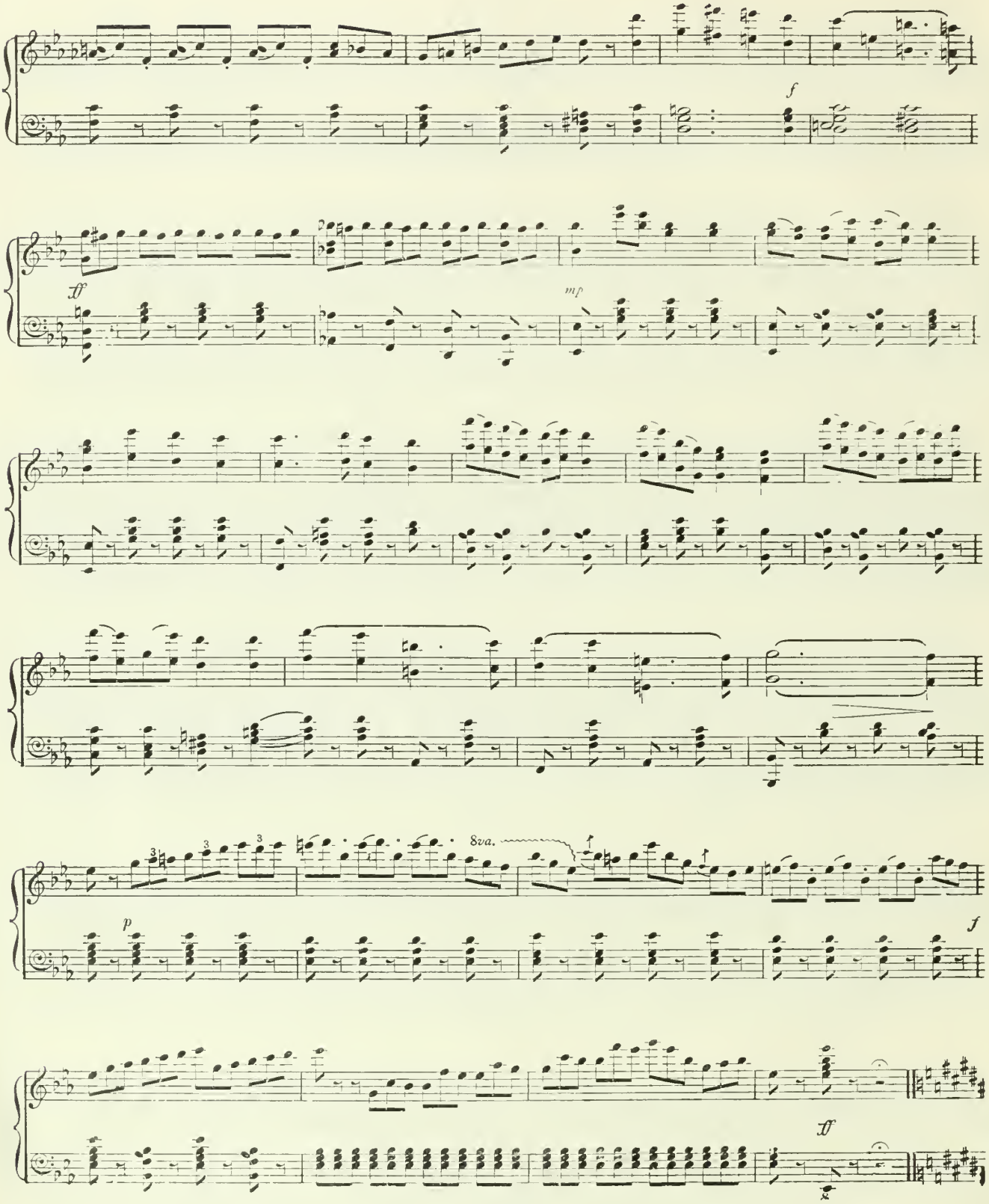
OVERTURE.


Andante mœstoso.
Piano.
pp
mf
mf
ff
p
Ped.
*
Ped.
ff
*
p
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
pp
Ped.
*
Allegretto.
p
f


dim.
p
ff
p
p
Allegro con brio.
f
8ves.
8ves.
8ves.
8ves.
Ped.
mf


f
p
f
pp
3
3
3
p
f


f
ff
mp
8va.
p
f
ff

Allegro moderato.

p *f* Ped. * Ped. *

f *dim.* *p*

p *mf*

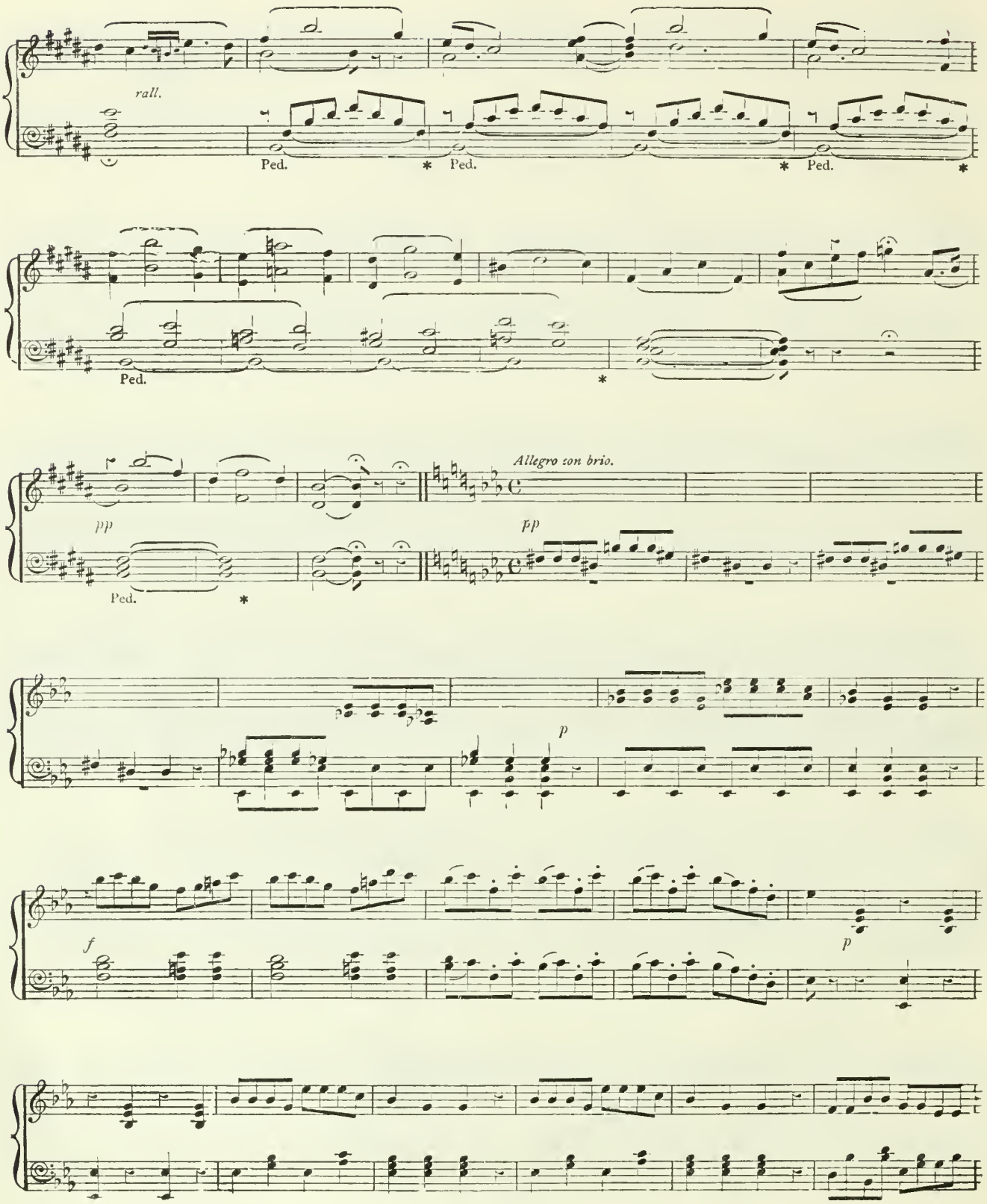
p

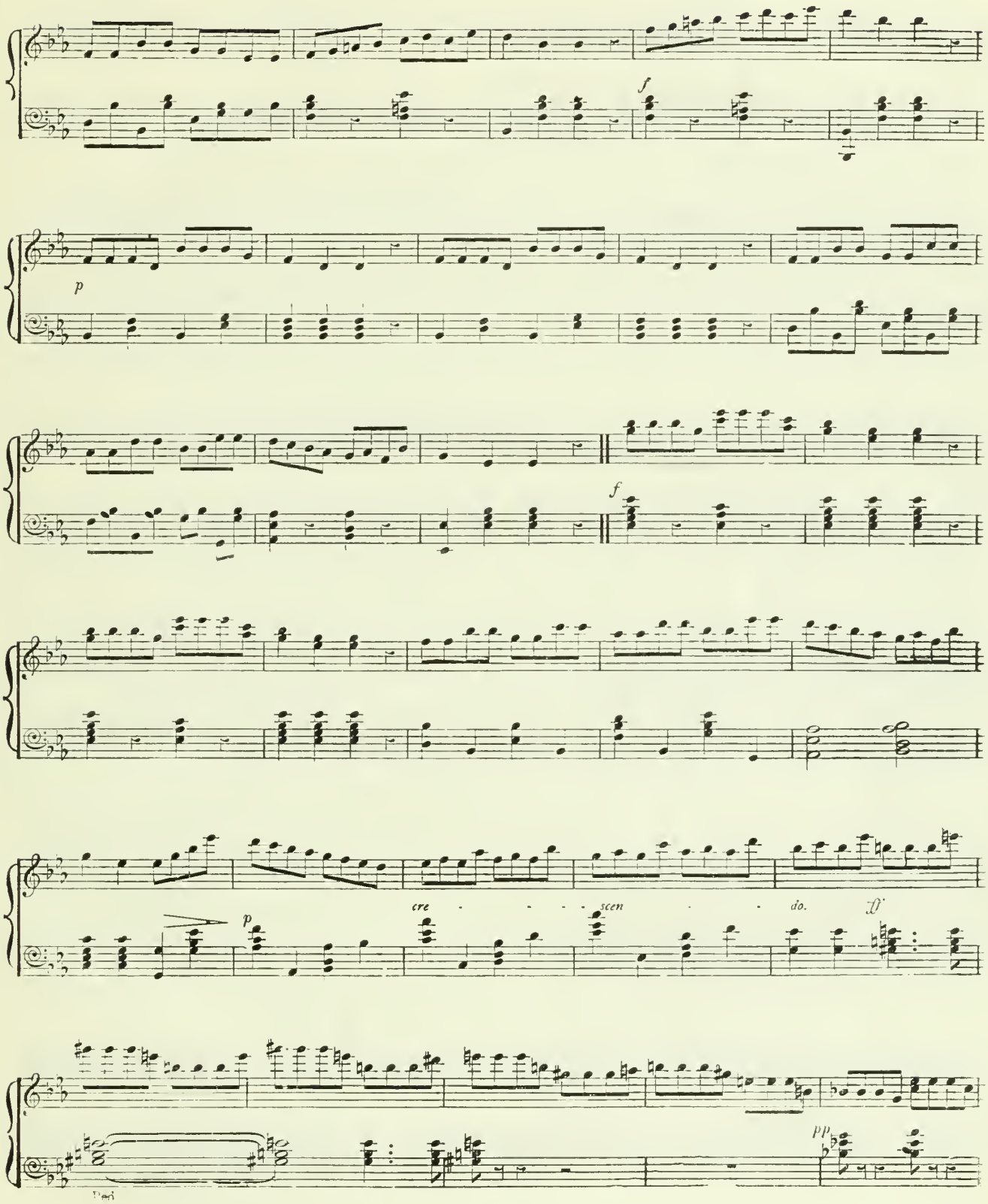
p *p*

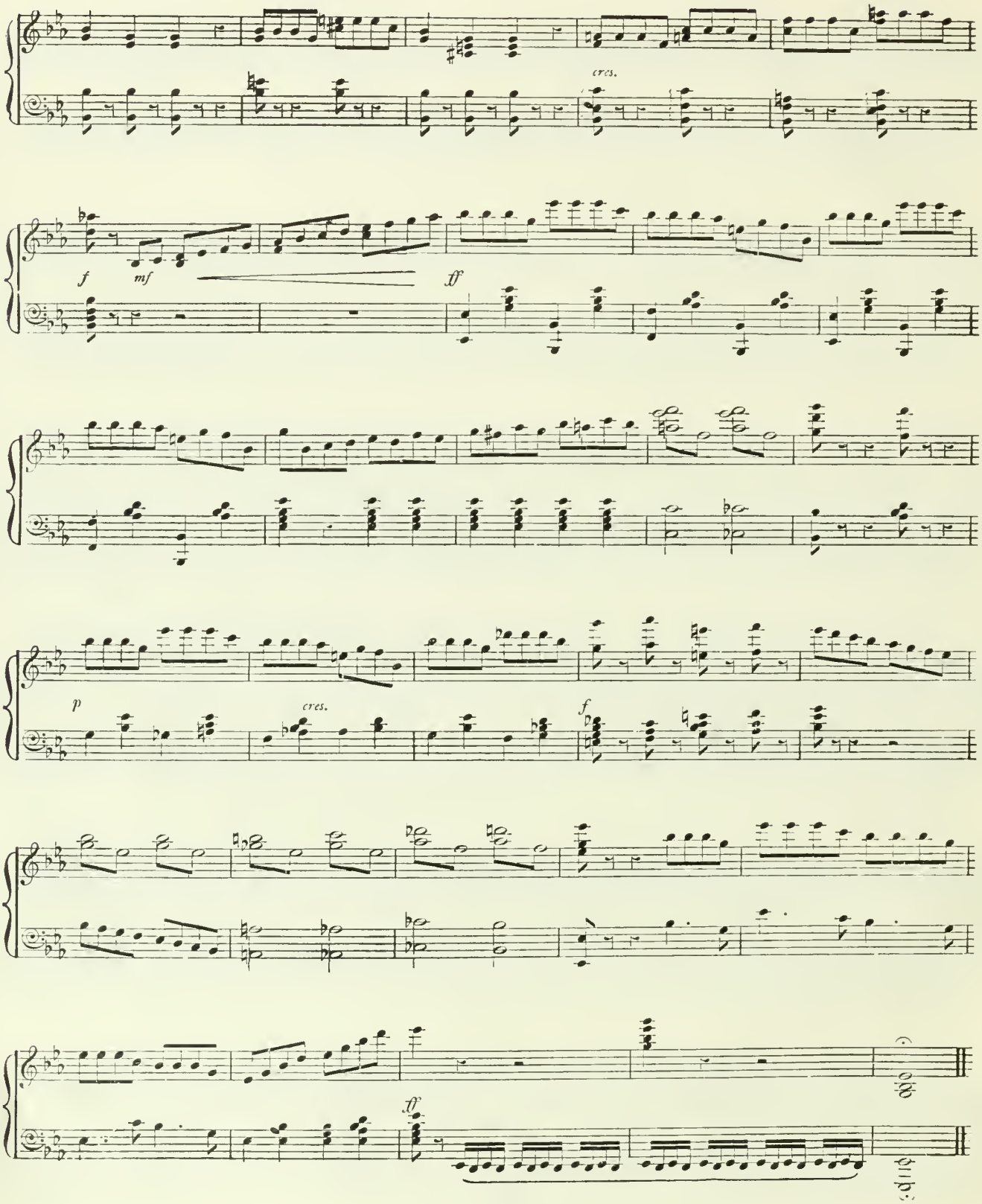
Ped. * Ped. *

Ped. * Ped. *

fz *p*


rall.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
pp
Ped.
Allegro con brio.
pp
p
f
p


f
p
f
p
cre - - - - scen - - do.
ff
pp
Ped.


cres.
f
mf
ff
p
cres.
f
ff

ACT I.

No. 1. CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS—(Solo Soprano, Zorah).

Allegretto moderato.

PIANO.

ff

p

cres.

Ped.

f

p

CHORUS OF WOMEN. SOPRANOS.

Fair is Rose as bright May day, Soft is Rose as warm west wind, Sweet is

CONTRALTOS.

Fair is Rose as bright May day, Soft is Rose as warm west wind, Sweet is

Rose as new - mown hay— Rose is Queen of maid - en - kind! Rose, all

Rose as new - mown hay— Rose is Queen of maid - en - kind! Rose, all

glow - ing With vir - gin blush - es, say— Is an - y - bo - dy go - ing To

glow - ing With vir - gin blush - es, say— Is an - y - bo - dy go - ing To

mar - ry you to - day?

mar - ry you to - day?

p

SOLO. ZORAH.

Ev' - ry day, as the days roll on, Brides - maids' garb we gai - ly don,

p

Sure that a maid so fair ly famed Can't long re - main un - - claimed.

p

Hour by hour, and day by day, Sev' - ral months have passed a - way,

Though she's the fair - est flow'r that blows, No one has mar - ried Rose!

CHORUS.

Rose, all

Rose, all

f

glow - ing With vir - gin blush - es, say— Is a - ny - bo - dy go - - ing To

glow - ing With vir - gin blush - es, say— Is a - ny - bo - dy go - - ing To

f

Ped.

ZORAH.

Hour by hour and day by day Months have pass'd a -

mar - ry you to - day?

mar - ry you to - day?

p

Ped. *

way.

CHORUS.

Fair is Rose as bright May - day; Soft is Rose as warm west -

Fair is Rose as bright May - day; Soft is Rose as warm west -

wind, Sweet is Rose as new - mown hay— Rose is queen of maid - en - kind!

wind, Sweet is Rose as new - mown hay— Rose is queen of maid - en - kind!

Rose, all glow - ing With vir - gin blush - es, say— Is a - ny - bo - dy

Rose, all glow - ing With vir - gin blush - es, say— Is a - ny - bo - dy

go · ing To mar · ry you to · day? Fair is

go ing To mar · ry you to · day? Fair is

p

Rose, Soft is Rose Rose . . . . . is the

Rose, Soft is Rose, Rose . . . . . is the

queen of . . . maid · en · kind!

queen of . . . maid en · kind!

No. 2. SONG—Hannah & Chorus.

Andante allegretto.

HANNAH.

Su

PIANO.

p f p

Ru - pert Mur - ga - troyd His lei - sure and . . . his rich-es He ruth - less - ly em - ploy'd In per - se -

- cu - - ting witch - es. With fear he'd make them quake— He'd duck them in his

p

CHORUS. SOPRANOS & CONTRALTOS.

lake— He'd break their bones With sticks and stones, And burn them at the stake! . . This

p

sport he much en - joy'd, . . Did Ru - pert Mur - ga - troyd— No sense of shame Or pi ty came To

HANNAH.

Ru - pert Mur - ga - troyd! Once, on the vil - lage green, A pal - sied

p

hag . . . he roast-ed, And what took place, I ween, shook his com - po - - sure boasted, For,

as the tor - ture grim Seized on each with-ered limb, The writh-ing dame 'Mid fire and flame Yelled

p

forth this curse on him! "Each lord of Rud-di-gore, De-spite his best en-deavour, Shall

do one crime, or more, Once, ev-'ry day, for e-ver! This doom he can't de-fy How-

-ever he may try, For should he stay His hand, that day In tor-ture he shall die!". The

pro-phe-cy came true: Each heir who held . . . the ti-tle Had, ev'-ry day, to do Some crime of

RECIT.

im - port vi - tal; Un - til, with guilt o'er- plied, "I'll sin no more!" he cried,

f

And on the day He said that say, In a - - - go - ny he died! And

CHORUS.

p *p* *pp*

thus with sin - ning cloyed, Has died each Mur - ga - troyd; And so shall fall. Both

p *cres.*

one and all, Each com - ing Mur - ga - troyd!

dim.

No. 3. SONG—Rose.

Tempo di Valse Moderato.

PIANO.

f *p*

1. If some - bo - dy there chanced to be Who loved me in a man - ner true,
2. If a - ny well-bred youth I knew, Po - lite and gen- tle, neat and trim.

My heart would point him out to me, And I would point him out to you.
Then I would hint as much to you, And you could hint as much to him.

(*Referring to book.*)

But here . . it says of those who point, Their man ners must be out of
But here . . it says, in plain - est print, "It's most un - la - dy - like to

joint— You *may* not point— you *must* not point— It's man - ners out of
hint"— You *may* not hint, you *must* not hint— It says you must - n't

joint, to point! Ah! . . . . . Had I the love of such as
hint, in print! Ah! . . . . . And if I loved him through and

p *p dolce.*

he, Some qui - et spot he'd take me to, Then he could whis - per it to
through—(True love and not a pass - ing whim,) Then I could speak of it to

me, ... And I could whis - per it to you. . . . . But whis - per -
you, ... And you could speak of it to him. . . . . But here I

ing, I've som - where met, Is con - tra - ry to e - ti -
find it does - n't do To speak un - til you're spo - ken

- quette ; Where can it be? Now let me be—
to. Where can it be? Now let me be—

Yes, yes! It's con - tra - ry to e - ti - quette.
Yes, yes! "Don't speak un - til you're spo - ken to."

p 1st time. 2nd time. *ff*

No. 4. DUET—Rose & Robin.

ROBIN.

1. I know a youth who loves a lit - tle maid— (Hey, but his face is a sight for to see !) Si - lent is he, for he's mod-est and a - fraid— (Hey, but he's ti - mid as a youth can be !)
2. He can - not eat, and he can - not sleep— (Hey, but his face is a sight for to see !) Dai - ly he goes for to wail— for to weep, (Hey, but he's wretched as a youth can be !)

Allegretto grazioso.

PIANO.

f *p* *p*

ROSE.

I know a maid who loves a gal - lant youth, (Hey, but she sick - ens as the days go by !)
She's ve - ry thin, and she's ve - ry pale, (Hey, but she sick - ens as the days go by !)

rall. ROBIN. *a tempo.*

She can-not tell him all the sad, sad truth— (Hey, but I think that lit - tle maid will die !) Poor lit - tle man !
Dai - ly she goes for to weep—for to wail— (Hey, but I think that lit - tle maid will die !) Poor lit - tle maid !

rall. *a tempo.*

ROSE.

Poor lit - tle maid! Poor lit - tle man! Poor lit - tle maid! Poor lit - tle man! Now tell me pray, and

ROBIN.

Poor lit - tle man! Poor lit - tle maid! Now tell me pray, and

Ped. *

tell me true, What in the world . . . . should the maid - en do? 3rd Verse. If

tell me true, What in the world . . . . should the young man do?

I were the youth, I should of - fer her my name— (Hey, but her face is a sight for to see!)

If I were the maid, I should

ROSE.

fan his hon-est flame— (Hey, but he's bash-ful as a youth can be!) If I were the youth I should speak to her to- day—

ROBIN.

(Hey, but she sickens as the days go by!) If I were the maid I should meet the lad half-way— (For I

rall. ROSE. *a tempo.* ROBIN.

real-ly do be-lieve that ti-mid youth will die!) Poor lit-tle man! Poor lit-tle maid!

rall. *a tempo.*

ROSE.

Poor lit-tle man! I thank you, sir, for your coun-sel true; I'll

ROBIN.

Poor lit-tle maid! I thank you, miss, for your coun-sel true; I'll

Ped. *

rit.

tell that maid . . . what she ought to do!

rit.

tell that youth . . . what he ought to do!

rit. *p*

Nos. 5 & 6. CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS & SONG—(Richard).

Allegretto con spirito.

PIANO.

BRIDESMAIDS. SOPRANOS.

From the

CONTRALTOS.

From the

bri - ny sea Comes young Ri - chard, all vic - to - - rious! Va - lo - rous is he— His a

bri - ny sea Comes young Ri - chard, all vic - to - - rious! Va - lo - rous is he— His a -

- chieve-ments all are glo - rious! Let the wel - kin ring With the news we

- chieve-ments all are glo - rious! Let the wel - kin ring With the news we

bring. Sing it— shout it— Tell a - bout it—

bring. Sing it— shout it— Tell a - - bout it—

Shout it! Safe and sound re turn - eth he, All vic - to - rious from the

Shout it! Safe and sound re - turn - eth he, All vic to - rious from the

sea! Safe . . . . . and sound, All vic - to - rious from the

sea! Safe and sound re - turn eth he, All vic - to - rious from he

SOLO. RICHARD.

1. I shipped, d'ye see, in a
Capt'n he up and he
up with our helm, and we

sea!

sea!

tr *tr* *tr* *f* *sfz* *p*

Re-ve-nue sloop, And, off Cape Fi - nis - tere, A merchantman we see, A Frenchman, go-ing free, So we
says, says he, "That chap we need not fear,— We can take her, if we like, She is sar-tin for to strike, For she's
scuds before the breeze, As we gives a compassion-ating cheer; Froggee an-swers with a shout As he sees us go a-bout, Which was

made for the bold Moun - seer, D'ye see? We made for the bold Moun - seer. But she
on - ly a darned Moun - seer, D'ye see? She's on - ly a darned Moun - seer! But to
grate-ful of the poor Moun - seer, D'ye see? Which was grateful of the poor Moun - seer! And I'll

proved to be a Frigate, and she up with her ports, And fires with a thir - ty - two! It come un-common near, But we
fight a French fal-lal— it's like hit-tin' of a gal,—It's a lub-ber-ly thing for to do; For we, with all our faults, Why we're
wa-ger in their joy they kissed each other's cheek, (Which is what them fur-ri-ners do), And they blessed their lucky stars We were

CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS.

f *sf*

answer'd with a cheer, Which pa - ra-lysed the Par - ly - voo, D'ye see? Which pa - ra lysed the Par - ly - voo! Which
stur-dy Brit-ish salts, While she's on - ly a Par - ly - voo, D'ye see? While she's on - ly a poor Par - ly - voo! While she's
ha - dy Brit-ish tars, Who had pi - ty on a poor Par - ly - voo, D'ye see? Who had pi - ty on a poor Par - ly - voo! Who had

f

SOLO. RICHARD.

pa - ra-lysed the Par - ly - voo, D'ye see? Which pa - ra-lysed the Par - ly - voo! 2. Then our
on - ly a poor Par-ly - voo, D'ye see? While she's on ly a poor Par-ly - voo! 3. So we
pi - ty on a Par - ly - voo, D'ye see? Who had pi - ty on a poor Par-ly - voo!

Attacca Hornpipe

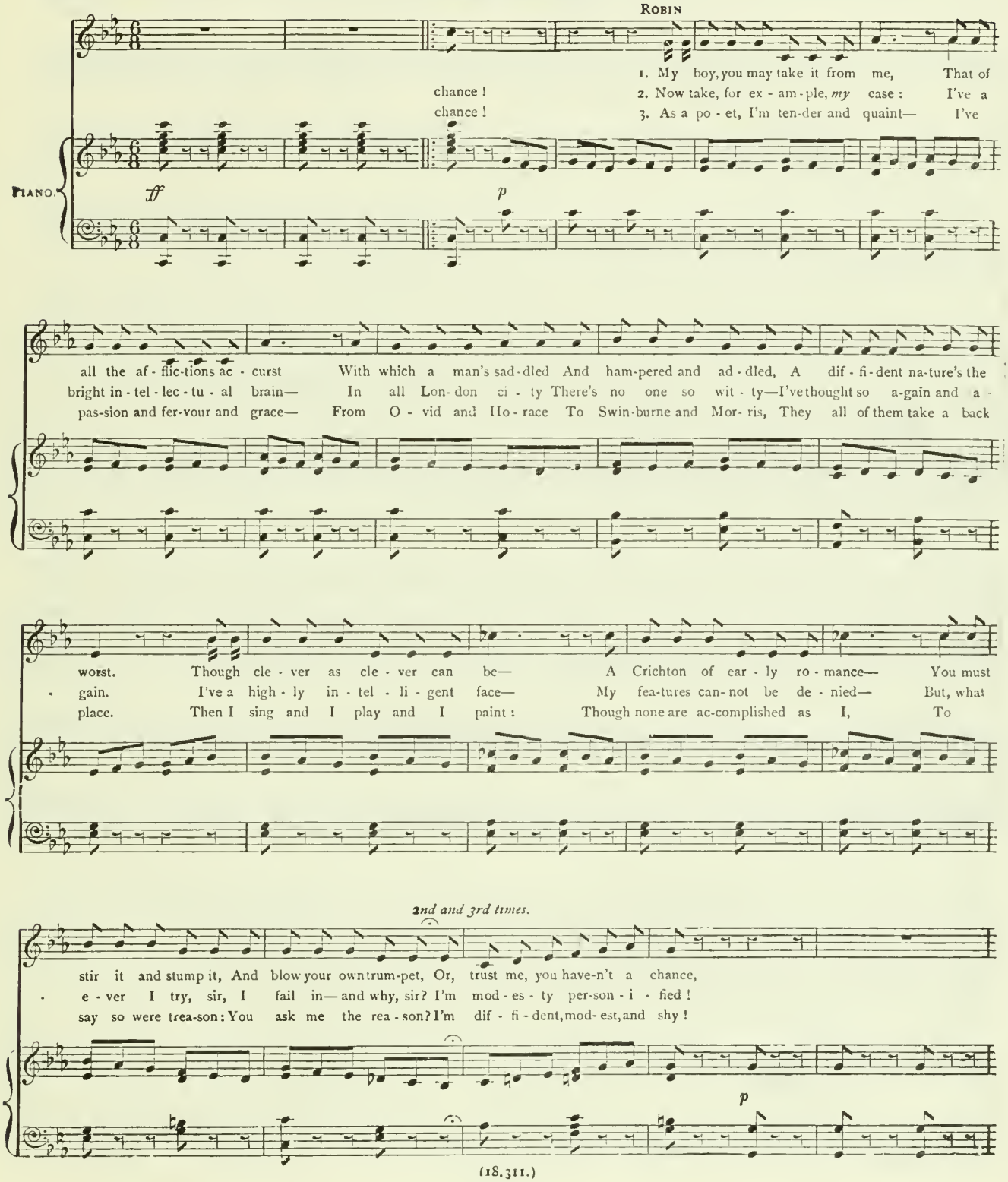
No. 6½. HORNPIPE.

PIANO.

2nd time melody 8ve. higher.

3 times, I. f, II. pp, III. ff.

No. 7. SONG—Robin.



Maestoso.

If you wish in the world to ad - vance, Your me - rits you're bound to en - hance, You must

pp

stir it and stump it, And blow your own trum - pet, Or, trust me, you have - n't a chance. If you

3rd time. *f*

RICHARD.

f

If you

f

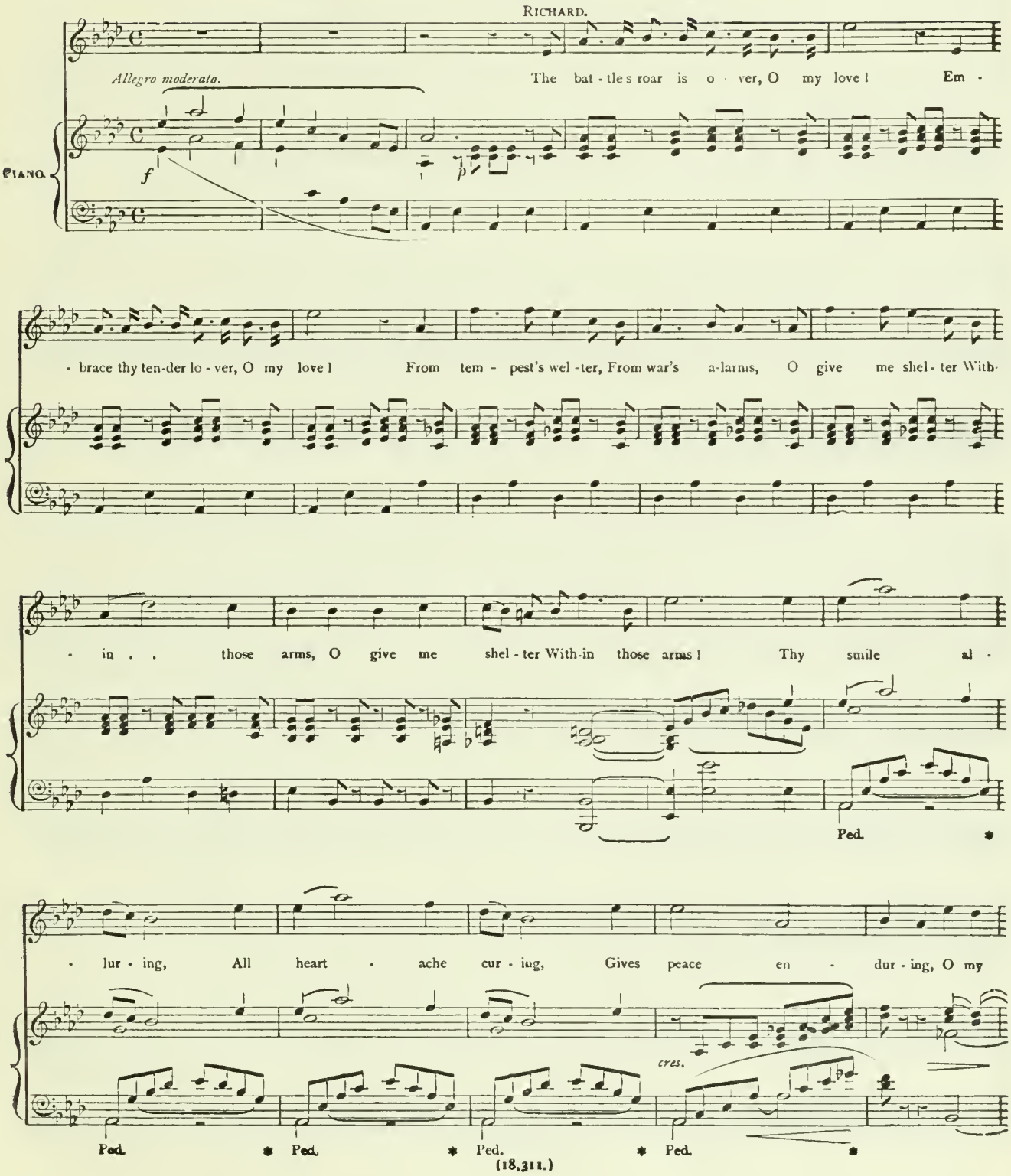
wish in the world to ad - vance, Your . . me - rits you're bound to en - hance, You must

wish in the world to ad - vance, Your . . me - rits you're bound to en - hance, You must

stir it and stump it, And blow your own trum - pet, Or, trust me, you have - n't a chance!

stir it and stump it, And blow your own trum - pet, Or, trust me, you have - n't a chance!

No. 8. DUET—Rose & Richard.



rit.

ROSE.

love! O . . . . . my love! If heart both true and ten - der, O my love! A

rit.

p

life - love can en-gen - der, O my love! A truce to sigh - ing, And tears of brine, For joy un - dy - ing Shall

aye . . . . be mine, For joy un - - dy - ing Shall aye be mine, And

thou . . . and I, love, Shall live . . . . and die, love, With -

RICHARD.

And thou and I, ... love, Shall live and die, . . . love, With -

Ped. * Ped. * (18,311.) Ped. * Ped. *

out . . a . . sigh, love, With - out a sigh, ... My own, my

- out . . a . . sigh, love, With - out a sigh, . . My own, my

cres. *dim.* *p* *mf*

Ped. *

love! And thou and I, love, Shall live and

love! And thou and I, love, Shall live and

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

die, love, . . With - out a sigh, ... love,

die, love, . . With - out a sigh, ... love,

dim.

p

Ped. Ped.

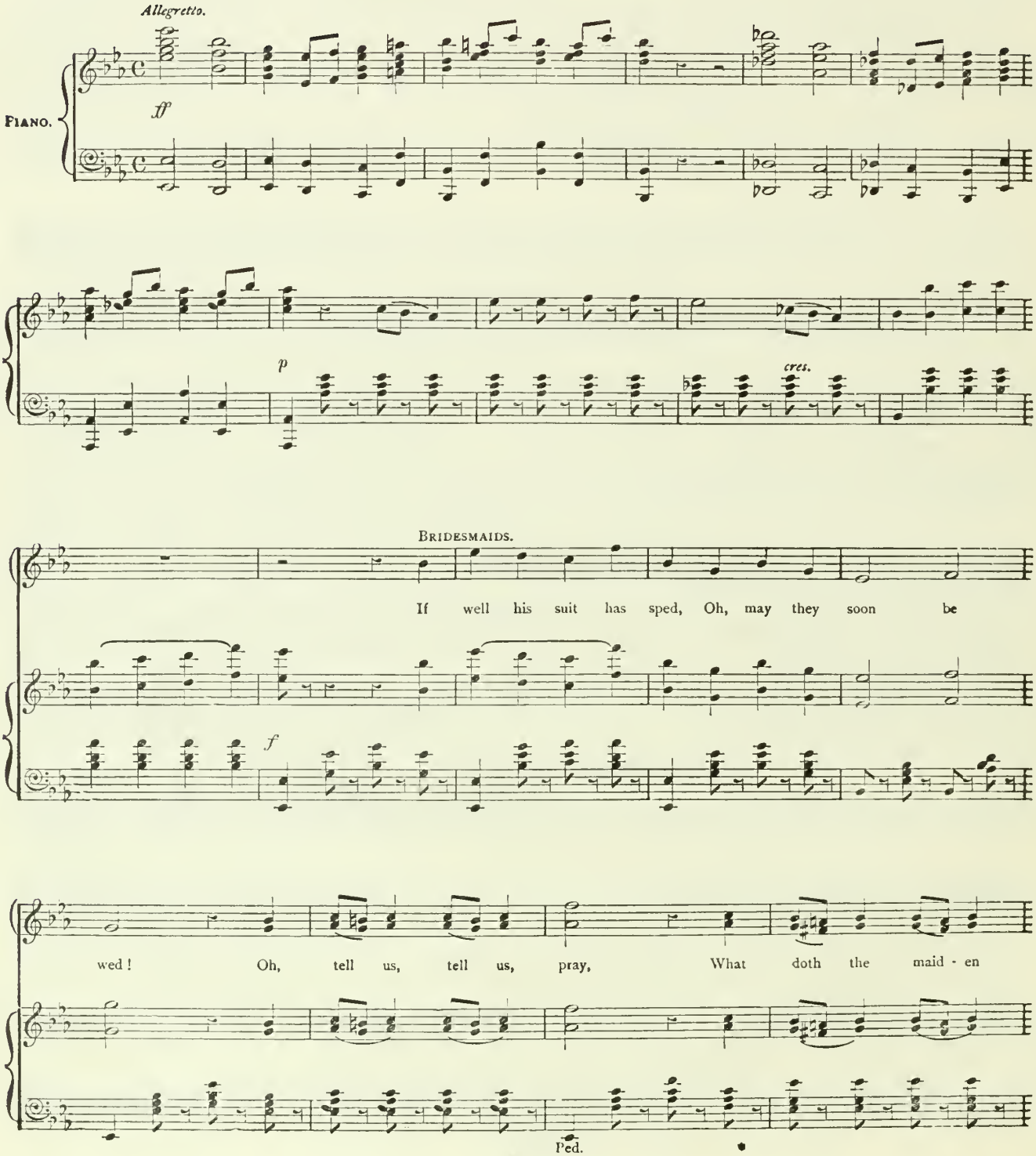
My own, my love!

My own, my love!

pp

* Ped. *

No. 9. ENTRANCE OF BRIDESMAIDS.



say? In sing - ing we are jus - ti - fied, In sing ing are we

jus - ti - fied, "Hail the Bride-groom, hail the Bride, Let the nup - tial knot be tied: In fair

phra - ses Hymn their prai ses, Hail the Bride groom— hail the Bride?"

No. 10. TRIO—Rose, Richard, & Robin.

ROSE.

In sail - ing o'er life's o - cean wide . . Your heart . . . . should be your on - ly

RICHARD.

In sail - ing o'er life's o - cean wide Your heart should be your on - ly

ROBIN.

In sail - ing o'er life's o - cean wide . . Your heart should be your on - ly

Allegro Vivace.

PIANO. *mf*

guide; With sum - mer sea and fav-'ring wind . . . Your-self in port . . . . you'll find.

guide; With sum - mer sea and fav-'ring wind . . . Your-self in port you'll sure - ly find.

guide; With sum - mer sea and fav-'ring wind . . . Your-self in port you'll sure - ly find.

p

RICHARD.

My heart says, "To this maid - en strike— She's cap - tur'd you. She's just the sort of girl you like—

You know you do, If o - ther man her heart should gain, I shall re - sign." That's what it

ROBIN.

says to me quite plain, This heart of mine, This heart of mine! My heart says,

cres. *f* *p*

"You've a prosp'rous lot, With a - cres wide; You mean to set - tle all you've got Up - on your bride."

It don't pre - tend to shape my acts By word or sign; It mere - ly states these sim - ple facts,

ROSE.

This heart of mine, This heart of mine! Ten min - utes since my heart said "white" —

cres. *f* *p*

It now says "black." It then said "left"—it now says "right"— Hearts of - ten tack. I must o

- - bey its la - test strain— You tell me so. But should it change its mind a - gain, I'll let you know,

cre - - - scen - do.

I'll let you know. In sail - ing o'er life's o - cean wide . No doubt . . . the heart should be your

In sail - ing o'er life's o - cean wide No doubt the heart should be your

In sail - ing o'er life's o - cean wide . . No doubt the heart should be your

sfz

guide, But it is awk - ward when you find . . A heart, a heart that does not know its mind, A

guide, But it is awk - ward when you find . . A heart, a heart that does not know its mind, A

guide, But it is awk - ward when you find . . A heart, a heart that does not know its mind, A

heart, ... a heart, . . . a heart that does not know its

heart that does not know its mind, A heart, a heart that does not know its

heart that does not know its mind, A heart, a heart that does not know its

f *rf* *rf* *rf* *rf*

mind ! A heart, a

mind ! A heart, a

mind ! A heart, a

sf

heart that does not know its mind ! . . . . .

heart that does not know its mind ! . . . . .

heart that does not know its mind ! . . . . .

No. 11. RECIT. & ARIA—Margaret.

Piano.

p *f* *sf* *tr*

rall. *a tempo.* *sf*

f *p* *p*

Cheer-i - ly ca - rols the lark O - ver the cot.

Ped.

Mer - ri - ly whis-tles the clerk, Scratching a blot. But the lark And the

p

Ped.

clerk, I re - mark, Com - fort me not!

p

O - ver the ri - pen-ing peach Buz-zes the bee. Splash on the bil - low-y beach Tumbles the

trem.

p

Ped. * Ped.

sea. But the peach And the beach, They are each No- thing to me! . . And

cres. *dim.*

Allegro vivace.

why? Who am I? Daft Madge! Cra-zy Meg! Mad Mar -gar-et! Poor Peg!

Allegro vivace.

p *cres.* *sfz* *dim.*

Ped.

(*Chuckling.*) He! he! he! Mad, I? Yes, ve-ry! But why? Mys - te-ry! Don't call!

sfz *p*

No crime— 'Tis on - ly That I'm love - lone - ly! That's all!

p *Silent.*

1. To a gar - den full *
2. In a nest of weeds and

p

po - sies Com - eth one to ga - ther flow - ers, And he wan - ders through its bow - ers Toy - ing
net - tles, Lay a vi - o - let, half - hid - den, Hop - ing that his glance un - bid - den Yet might

with the wan - ton ro - ses, the wan - ton ro - ses, Who, up - ris - ing from their
fall up - on her pe - tals, up - on her pe - tals, Though she lived a - lone, a -

p

beds, Hold on high their shame-less heads With their pret - ty lips a - pout - ing, With their pret - ty lips a -
- part, Hope lay nest - ling at her heart, But, a - las, the cruel a - wak - ing— But, a - las, the cruel a -

pout - ing, Ne - ver doubt - ing— ne - ver doubt - ing That for Cy - the - re - an po - - -
wak - ing Set her lit - tle heart . . . a - break - ing, For he ga - ther'd for his po - - -

p *cres.* *dim.*

Ped. * Ped. *

1st time. *2nd time.*

- - sies He would ga - ther aught but ro - ses! 2. In a
- - sies On - ly ro - ses—on - ly ro - - - - - ses!

p

No. 12. CHORUS.

Allegro con brio.

PIANO.

f

SOPRANOS.

Wel - come, gen - try, For your en - try Sets our ten - der hearts a - beat - ing,

sfz *mf*

Men of sta - tion, Ad - mi - ra - tion Prompts this un - af - fec - ted greet - ing. Heart - y greet - ing,

heart - - - - - - - - y . . greet - ing of - fer we!

MEN.

When

tho-rough-ly tir - ed Of be - ing ad - mir - ed By la-dies of gen - tle de-gree–de-gree, With flat - te - ry sated, High flown and in - fla - ted A -

- way from the ci - ty we flee–we flee! From charms intra-mu - ral To pret - ti - ness ru - ral The sud-den trans - i - tion Is sim - ply E - ly-sian,

Come, A - ma - ryl - lis, Come, Chlo - e and Phyl - lis, Your slaves, for the mo-ment, are we! . . . Your slaves, for . . . the

The

mo - - ment, . . your slaves . . . are we!

dim. *p*

sons of the til-lage Who dwell in this village Are peo-ple of low-ly degree—degree, Though honest and active They're most unattractive And

awk-ward as awkward can be—can be. They're clumsy clodhoppers With axes and choppers, And shepherds and ploughmen And drovers and cowmen,

Hedg-ers and reap-ers, And cart-ers and keep-ers, But ne-ver a lov-er for me, ... But ne - - ver a

f

lov - - er . . . . for me! Heart-y greet - - ing of - fer

MEN.

Then come, A - ma - ryl - lis, Come, Chlo-e and Phyl-lis,

mf

we, of - - fer we! . . . So wel - come, . . gen - - - try,

When thou-rough-ly tir - ed Of be - ing ad - mir - ed By

p marcato.

For . . your . . en - try Sets our ten der hearts a - beat - ing.

la-dies of gen-tle de-gree— de-gree, With flat-te-ry sa-ted, High-flown and in-fla-ted, A-way from the ci-ty we flee— we flee! From

Men of sta - tion, Ad - mi - ra - tion Prompts this un - af -

charms in-tra-mu-ral To pret-ti-ness ru-ral The sudden tran-si-tion Is sim-ply E - ly-sian, So come, A-ma-ryl-lis, Come, Chloe and Phyllis, Your

- fect - - ed . . greet - ing. Heart - y greet - ing, Heart - y greet - ing

slaves, for the mo-ment, are we, . . . Your slaves, . . for the mo - - ment, your

p

of - - - fer we! wel - - - - come!

p

slaves are we! wel - - - - come!

8va. *loco.*

p

f

Wel - - - - come, welcome, welcome, welcome we!

f

f

sf

Attacca

No. 13. SONG & CHORUS—Sir Despard.

Andante misterioso.

SIR DESPARD.

Oh why am I mood-y and sad? And why am I guil-ti-ly

CHORUS.

p

Can't guess!

p

Can't guess!

Andante misterioso.

PIANO.

f *p*

mad? Be-cause I am tho rough-ly bad! You'll see it at once in my face. Oh

Con-fess! Oh yes—

Con-fess! Oh yes—

why am I hus-ky and hoarse? It's the work-ings of con-science, of course, And hus-ki-ness stands for re-

Ah, why? Fie, fie!

Ah, why? Fie, fie!

pp

- morse, At least it does so in my case! When in crime one is ful - ly em -

mf

Oh my!

Oh my!

ff *p* *f* *p*

- ployed— Your ex - pres - sion gets warped and destroyed: It's a pen - al - ty none can a - void; I

p

Like you— It do. How true!

Like you— It do. How true!

once was a nice-look-ing youth; But like stone from a strong cat - a - pult— I rushed at my ter - ri - ble

A trice—

A trice—

p

cult— Ob - serve the un - plea - sant re sult! In - deed I am tell - ing the

That's vice— Not nice.

That's vice— Not nice.

f *sfz* *p*

truth! Oh in no-cent, hap - py, though poor! If I had been vir-tuous, I'm

That's we—

That's we—

f *p*

sure— I should be as nice - look - ing as you're! You are ve ry nice - look - ing in - deed! Oh

Like me— May be.

Like me— May be.

in - no-cents, lis - ten in time— A - void an ex - is - tence of crime— Or

We *doe*, Just so—

We *doe*, Just so—

f *dim.* *p*

you'll be as ug - ly as I'm— And now, ... if you please, we'll pro - ceed. . . .

ff No! no!

ff No! no!

ff *p*

p *ff* *p* *ff* *p*

ff *p* *f*

Ped. *

No. 14. DUET—Richard & Sir Despard.

Allegro vivace.

PIANO.

f

RICHARD, 1st VERSE.

You un der-stand?

RICHARD, 2nd VERSE.

Like - wise the Bride— The maid-ens are ve - ry E - lat - ed and mer- ry; They

SIR DESPARD, 1st VERSE.

I think I do, With vi- gour un-shak-en This step shall be tak- en, It's

SIR DESPARD, 2nd VERSE.

The Bride - groom comes—

I think so too; I'll read - i - ly bet it You'll ne - ver re - gret it! For du - ty, du - ty

are her chums. But du ty, du - ty

neat - ly plann'd. For du - ty, du - ty

To lash their pride Were al - most a pi - ty, The pret - ty com - mit - tee! But du - ty, du - ty

p

RICHARD, *each verse.*

must be done; The rule ap - plies to ev - 'ry one, And pain - ful though that du - ty be, To

SIR DESPARD, *each verse.*

must be done; The rule ap - plies to ev - 'ry one, And pain - ful though that du - ty be, To

shirk the task were fid - dle - de - dee, To shirk the task were fid - dle - de - dee, To shirk the task, . . .

shirk the task were fid - dle - de - dee, To shirk the task were fid - dle - de - dee, To shirk the task, . . .

. . . To shirk the task were fid - dle - de, fid - dle -de, fid -dle - de, fid -dle - de, fid -dle - de, fid -dle -de, fid - dle - de -

. . . To shirk the task were fid - dle - de, fid -dle -de, fid -dle -de, fid -dle -dle, fid -dle-de, fid - dle -de, fid - dle -de -

f

- dee! . . . . . .

- dee! . . . . . .

Ped. *

f

1st time. *2nd time.*

p

No. 15. FINALE—ACT I.

Allegro non troppo.

PIANO.

ff

p

cre - - - - - - scen - - - - - - - - - - do.

SOPRANOS.

f

Hail the Bride of seven - teen sum - mers:

Pesante.

ff

Ped.

In fair phra - ses Hymn her prais - es; Lift your song on high, all com - ers. She re - joi - ces In your voi - ces.

Smil - ing sum - mer beams up - on her

Ped. * Ped. *

Shed-ding ev - 'ry bles - sing on her; Maid - ens, greet her— Kind - ly treat her— We may all . . . . be

B

brides some day!

MEN. *f*

Hail the Bride-groom who ad - van - ces, A - gi - tat - ed, Yet e

mf

- la - ted. He's in eas - y cir - cum - stan - ces, Young and lust - y, True and trust - y:

cre - -

f

Smil - ing sum - mer beams up- on her, Shed - ding ev - 'ry bles - sing on her:

f

Smil - ing sum - mer beams up- on her, Shed - ding ev - 'ry bles - sing on her:

- *scen* - - *do.*

f

Ped. *

Maid - - - ens, greet . . her— Kind - - - - ly treat her— We . . may all, may . .

Maid - - - ens, greet her— Kind - - - ly treat her— You . . may all, may

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

all . . . . . be brides some day!

all . . . . . be brides some day!

ff

Ped.

Rose.

When the

Allegretto.

p

buds are blos-som-ing, Smil - ing wel - come to the spring, Lo - vers choose a wed - ding

day— Life is love in mer - ry May, Life is love, life is love, ...

f CHORUS. SOPRANOS.

Spring is green— . . . . Sum - mer's rose— . . .

. . . in mer - ry May! Fa la la la la la la la! Fa la la la la

HANNAH.

Fa la la la la la la la! Fa la la la la

RICHARD.

Fa la la la la! Fa la la

ADAM.

Fa la la la la! Fa la la

f

la la la! It is sad when sum - mer goes, Fa la . . . . . la la la la! Fa la!

la la la! It is sad when sum - mer goes, Fa . . . la la la la! Fa la la!

la la! It is sad when sum - mer goes, Fa la! Fa la la . . . . la la la la!

CHORUS. TENORS.

Au - tumn's

la la! It is sad when sum - mer goes, Fa la! Fa la la la la la!

Fa la la la la la la la! Win - ter still is far a -

Fa la la la la la la la! Fa la la la la! Win - ter still is far a -

Fa la la la la la la la! Fa la la . . . la! Win - ter still is far a -

gold, ... Win-ter's grey, ...

Fa la la la la! Fa la la la la! Win - ter still is far a

p Chorus.

way, far a - way—Fa la la la la! Leaves in au - tumn fade and fall,

p

way, far a way—Fa la la la la! Leaves in au - tumn fade and fall,

p

way, far a - way—Fa la la la la! Fa la la la la la! Leaves in au tumn fade and fall.

p

way, far a - way—Fa la la la la! Leaves in au tumn fade and fall,

pp

sf *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf*

Win - ter is the end of all. Fa la la la la la

cres.

Win - ter is the end of all. Spring and sum - mer teem with glee: Spring and sum - mer

cres.

Win - ter is the end of all. Spring and sum - mer teem with glee: Spring and sum - mer, then, for

cres.

Win - ter is the end of all. Fa la la! Spring and sum - mer teem with glee: Spring and

cres.

la la, ... la la la la la la la la! Fa la . . . . la la la la la la! Fa

then for me! Fa la la la la la la la la la! Fa la! Fa . . la la la la! Fa

me! . . Fa la la la la la la la la la la! Fa la la la la! Fa

sum - mer, then, for me! Fa la la! Fa la la la la la! Fa

HANNAH. *2na verse*

la la la la la la la la la! In the spring - time seed is sown: In the

la la la la la la la!

la la la la la la la!

la la la la la la la!

p

sum - mer grass is mown: In the au - tumn you . . . . may reap: Win - - ter

is the time for sleep, Win - - - - ter is . . . the

cres. *f*

CHORUS.
f SOPRANOS.

Spring is hope— . . . . . Sum - mer's joy— . . . . . .

ROSE. *f*

Fa la la la la la la la! Fa la la la la

time for sleep. Fa la la la la la la la! Fa la la la la

RICHARD. *f*

Fa la la la la! Fa la la

ADAM. *f*

Fa la la la la! Fa la la

tr *f*

. . .

la la la! Spring and sum - mer ne - ver cloy, Fal la . . . . la la la la la la!

la la la! Spring and sum - mer ne - ver cloy, Fa . . la la la la la la la!

la la! Spring and sum - mer ne - ver cloy, Fa la la la la . . . la la la la!

CHORUS. TENORS.

Au tumn,

la la! Spring and sum - mer ne ver cloy, Fa la la la la la la la!

Fa la la la la la la la! Win - ter, af - ter all, is

Fa la la la la la la la! Fa la la la la! Win - ter, af - ter all, is

Fa la la la la la la la! Fa la la la la! Win - ter. af - ter all, is

toil— . . . . . Win- ter, rest— .

Fa la la la la! Fa la la la la! Win - ter af - ter all, is

best, af - ter all, Fa la la la la! Chorus. *p* Spring and sum - mer plea - sure you,

best, af - ter all, Fa la la la la! *p* Spring and sum - mer plea - sure you,

best, af - ter all, Fa la la la la la Fa la la la la la! *p* Spring and sum - mer plea - sure you,

best, af - ter all, Fa la la la la! *p* Spring and sum - mer plea - sure you,

pp

Au - tumn, aye, and win - ter too— Fa la la la

Au - tumn, aye, and win - ter too— Ev - 'ry sea - son has its cheer,

Au tumn, aye, and win - ter too— Ev - 'ry sea - son has its cheer, Life is

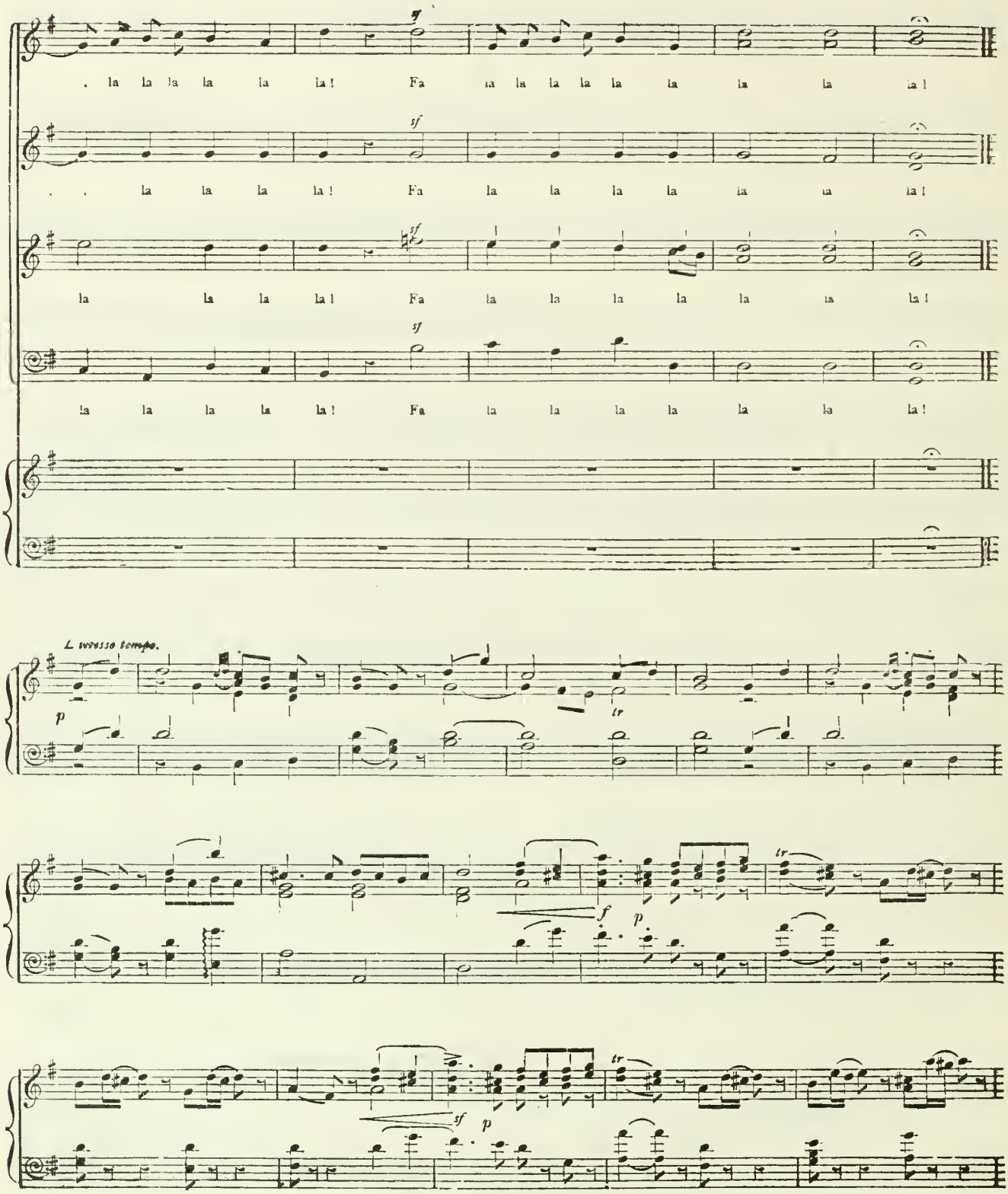
Au - tumn, aye, and win - ter too— Fa la la! Ev - 'ry sea - son has its

la la! Fa la . . la la la la la la la la la . .

life is love - ly all the year! Fa la la la la la la la la la! Fa la la, . .

love - ly all the year! . . . . Fa la la la la la la la la la la! Fa

cheer, Life is love - ly all the year Fa la la! Fa


la la la la la la! Fa la la la la la la la la la!
la la la la la! Fa la la la la la la la la!
la la la la la! Fa la la la la la la la la!
la la la la la la! Fa la la la la la la la la!
L istesso tempo.

tr

f

rall.

a tempo.

RECIT.
SIR DESPARD.

Hold, Bride and Bride-groom, ere you wed each

ff Allegro agitato.

a tempo.

o - ther, I claim young Ro - bin as my el - der

a tempo.

bro - ther!

più lento.

pp trem. sempre.

SIR DESPARD.

His right - ful ti - tle I have long en -

- joyed: I claim him as Sir Ruth - ven Mur - - ga - troyd!

CHORUS. *f*

O

O

f

ROSE (*wildly*).

won - - - der! De - ny the false - hood, Ro - bin, as you

won - - der!

p

ROBIN.

should! It is a plot! I would, if con - sci - en - tious - ly I

p *sf*

CHORUS.

could, But I can - not! Ah, base one! Ah, base one!

Ah, base one! Ah, base one!

f

Segue.

ROBIN.

As pure and blameless pea -sant, I can -not, I re - gret. De - ny a truth un -

Andante moderato.

p

CHORUS. SOPRANO.

p

He is that Ba - ro - net! But when com-plete -ly ra - ted Bad

ROBIN.

ALTO.

p

plea-sant, I am that Ba - ro - net! He is that Ba - ro - net!

p TENOR.

He is that Ba - ro - net!

p BASS.

He is that Ba - ro - net!

p

Ba - ro - net am I, That I am what he's sta - ted I'll reck - less ly de - ny!

CHORUS. 1st & 2nd SOPRANOS.

He'll reck - less - ly de -

TENORS.

He'll reck - less - ly de -

BASSES.

He'll reck - less - ly de -

p

ROBIN.

When I'm a bad Bart. I will

Vivace.

- - ny!

- - ny!

f *p*

CHORUS. ROBIN. CHORUS.

tell ta - ra - did-dles! He'll tell ta - ra - did-dles when he's a bad Bart.! I'll play a bad part on the fals-est of fid - dles. On

ROBIN. CHORUS.

ve - ry false fid-dles he'll play a bad part! But un - til that takes place I must be con - sci - entious He'll be con - sci - en-tious un -

ROBIN. CHORUS. FULL CHORUS.

- til that takes place. Then a - dieu with good grace to my mo-rals sen-ten-tious! To mo-rals sen-ten-tious A - dieu with good grace! A -

A -

f

ROBIN.

When I'm a bad Bart. I will

p

- dieu with good grace to his mo - rals, his mo - rals sen - ten tious! When he's a bad Bart. he will

p

- dieu with good grace to his mo - rals, his mo - rals sen - ten - tious! When he's a bad Bart. he will

p

tell ta - ra - did - dles! On ve - ry false fid - dles I'll play a bad part! I'll play a bad part on the

tell ta - ra - did - dles! On ve ry false fid - dles He'll play a bad part! He'll play a bad part on the

tell ta - ra - did - dles! On ve - ry false fid - dles He'll play a bad part! He'll play a bad part on the

fals - est of fid - dles, And tell ta - ra - did - dles when I'm a bad Bart.!

fals - est of fid - dles, And tell ta - ra - did - dles when he's a bad Bart.! *f* When he's a bad Bart. he will

fals - est of fid - dles, And tell ta - ra - did - dles when he's a bad Bart.! *f* When he's a bad Bart. he will

f

tell ta - ra - did - dles! On ve - ry false fid - dles he'll play a bad part, He'll play a bad part on the

tell ta - ra - did - dles! On ve - ry false fid - dles he'll play a bad part, He'll play a bad part on the

fals - est of fid - dles, And tell tar - ra - did - dles When he's a bad Bart., A bad

fals - est of fid - dles, And tell tar - ra - did - dles When he's a bad Bart., When he's a bad Bart. he will

f

Bart. ! . . . . When he's a bad Bart. he will tell ta - ra - did - dles, A bad

tell ta - ra - did - dles, When he's a bad Bart. he will tell ta - ra - did - dles, He'll play a bad part on the

p *f*

Bart. ! . . . . On ve - ry false fid - dles, on ve - ry false fid - dles he'll play a bad

fals - est of fid - dles, On ve - ry false fid - dles, on ve - ry false fid - dles he'll play a bad

part ! . . .

part ! . . .

ff

SOLO. ZORAH. RICHARD.

Who is the wretch who hath be - tray'd thee? Let him stand forth! 'Twas I! Hold, my conscience made me!

CHORUS.

Die, trai - tor!

Die, trai - tor!

Molto vivace.

With-hold your wrath!

Allegretto maestoso.

With-in this breast there beats a heart Whose voice can't be gain - - said. . . It bade me thy true

rank im - part, And I . . . . at once o - bey'd. . . I knew 'twould blight thy

p

bud - ding fate— I knew 'twould cause thee an - guish great— . . . . But did I there - fore

cres. *dim.* *p*

hes - i - tate? No! I at once o - bey'd! Acclaim him who, when his true heart

CHORUS.

Acclaim him who, when his true heart

ff

Bade him young Ro - bin's rank im - part, Im - me - diate - ly o - bey'd!

Bade him young Ro - bin's rank im - part, Im - me - diate - ly o - bey'd!

ROSE.

Farewell! Thou hadst my heart— 'Twas quick-ly

Andante.

p

won! But now we part— Thy face I shun! Fare-well! Go, bend the knee At vi - ce's

pp

shrine, Of life with me All hope re sign. Fare - well! . . . . fare - well!

f

p

p

Fare well! Take me— I am thy

Allegretto. CHORUS.

Bride! Hail the Bride-groom—hail the Bride! When the nup-tial knot is

f

tied Ev-'ry day will bring some joy That can ne ver, ne-ver cloy!

DESPARD. ROSE.

Ex-cuse me,— I'm a vir-tuous per son now— That's why I wed you!

p

DESPARD.

And I to Mar ga-ret must keep my vow!

MARGARET. RECIT.

f *a tempo.*

Have I mis - read you? Oh joy! . . . with new - ly kin - dled

f *f* *sf*

rap - ture warm'd, I kneel . . . . be - fore you! I once dis -

DESPARD.

p *p*

liked you; Now that I've re formed, How I a - dore you! Hail the

CHORUS. GIRLS.

f

cres. *f*

Bride - groom, hail the Bride! When the nup - tial knot is tied, Ev - 'ry

day will bring some joy That can ne - ver, ne - ver cloy!

p

Rosz.

Rich - ard, of him I love . . . . . be reft, Through thy de -

sign, Thou art the on - ly one that's left, So I am

f

Chorus. Girls.

f

thine! Hail the Bride-groom—hail the Bride! Hail the Bridge-groom! hail the Bride!

f

ROSE.

Oh, hap-py the li - ly When kiss'd by the bee; And, sip-ping tran- quil - ly, Quite

RICHARD.

Oh, hap-py the li - ly When kiss'd by the bee; And, sip-ping tran -quil - ly, Quite

8va.

Allegro con spirito.

sf

hap - py is he; And hap-py the fil - ly That neighs in her pride; But hap-pier than a - ny A

hap - py is he; And hap-py the fil - ly That neighs in her pride; But happier than a - ny A

pound to a pen- ny, A lo - ver is, when he Em - bra ces his bride!

pound to a pen ny, A lo - ver is, when he Em - bra ces his bride!

MARGARET.

Oh, hap-py the flow-ers That blos - som in June, And hap-py the bowers That gain by the boon,

DESPARD.

Oh, hap-py the flow-ers That blos - som in June, And hap-py the bowers That gain by the boon,

But hap-pier by hours The man of de-scent, Who, fol-ly re-gret-ting, Is bent on for-getting His

But hap-pier by hours The man of de-scent, Who, fol-ly re-gret ting, Is bent on for-get ting His

bad bar-on-et-ting, And means to re - pent!

ZORAH.

Oh, hap-py the blossom That

bad bar-on-et - ting, And means to re pent!

HANNAH.

Oh, hap-py the blossom That

ADAM.

Oh, hap-py the blossom That

blooms on the lea, Like - wise the o - possum That sits on a tree, When you come a-cross 'em, They

blooms on the lea, Like - wise the o - possum That sits on a tree, When you come a-cross 'em, They

blooms on the lea, Like - wise the o - possum That sits on a tree, When you come a-cross 'em, They

can - not com-pare, With those who are treading The dance at a wedding, While peo ple are spreading The

can - not com-pare With those who are tread - ing The dance at a wed - ding, While people are spread - ing The

can - not com-pare With those who are treading The dance at a wedding, While peo ple are spreading The

ROBIN.

best of good fare! Oh wretched the debt - or Who's sign - ing a deed!

best of good fare!

best of good fare!

f *p*

And wretched the let - ter That no one can read! But ve - ry much bet - ter Their

lot it must be Than that of the per - son I'm mak - ing this verse on, Whose

head there's a curse on— Al - lu - ding to me!

p *cre - scen - - - - - - do.*

CHORUS.

f

Oh, hap - py the li - ly When kiss'd by the bee; And, sip - ping tran - quil - ly, Quite hap - py is he;

f

Oh, hap - py the li - ly When kiss'd by the bee; And, sip - ping tran - quil - ly, Quite hap - py is he;

f

Oh, hap - py the li - ly When kiss'd by the bee; And, sip - ping tran - quil - ly, Quite hap - py is he;

f

Oh, hap - py the li - ly When kiss'd by the bee; And, sip - ping tran - quil - ly, Quite hap - py is he;

f sfz

And hap- py the fil - ly That neighs in her pride ; But hap-pier than a - ny A pound to a pen - ny, A

And hap- py the fil - ly That neighs in her pride ; But hap-pier than a - ny A pound to a pen - ny, A

And hap- py the fil - ly That neighs in her pride ; But hap-pier than a - ny A pound to a pen - ny, A

And hap- py the fil - ly That neighs in her pride ; But hap-pier than a - ny A pound to a pen - ny, A

lo - - - - ver is, when he Em - bra - ces his bride ! . . Em - bra - ces his

lo - - - - ver is, when he Em - bra - ces his bride ! . Em - bra - ces his

lo - ver is when he Em - bra - ces his bride ! . . Em - bra - ces his

lo - - - ver is, when he Em - bra ces his bride ! . Em - bra - ces his

bride! . . Em - bra . . . . . ces . . . . . .

bride! . . Em - bra . . . . . ces . . . . . .

bride! . . Em - bra . . . . . ces . . . . . .

bride! . . Em - bra . . . . . ces . . . . . .

Ped. * Ped.

. his bride! . . . . . .

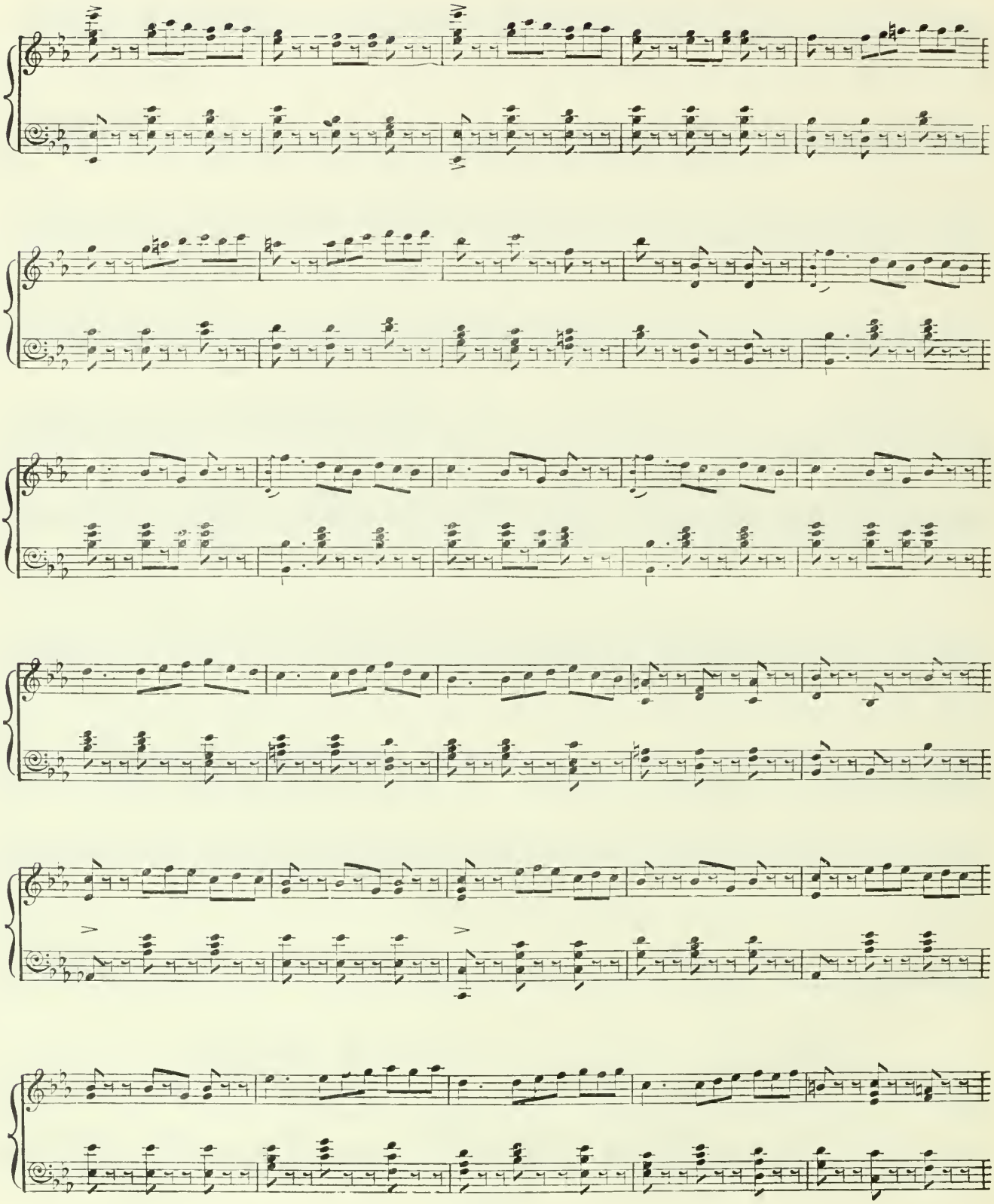
. . . his bride! . . . . . .

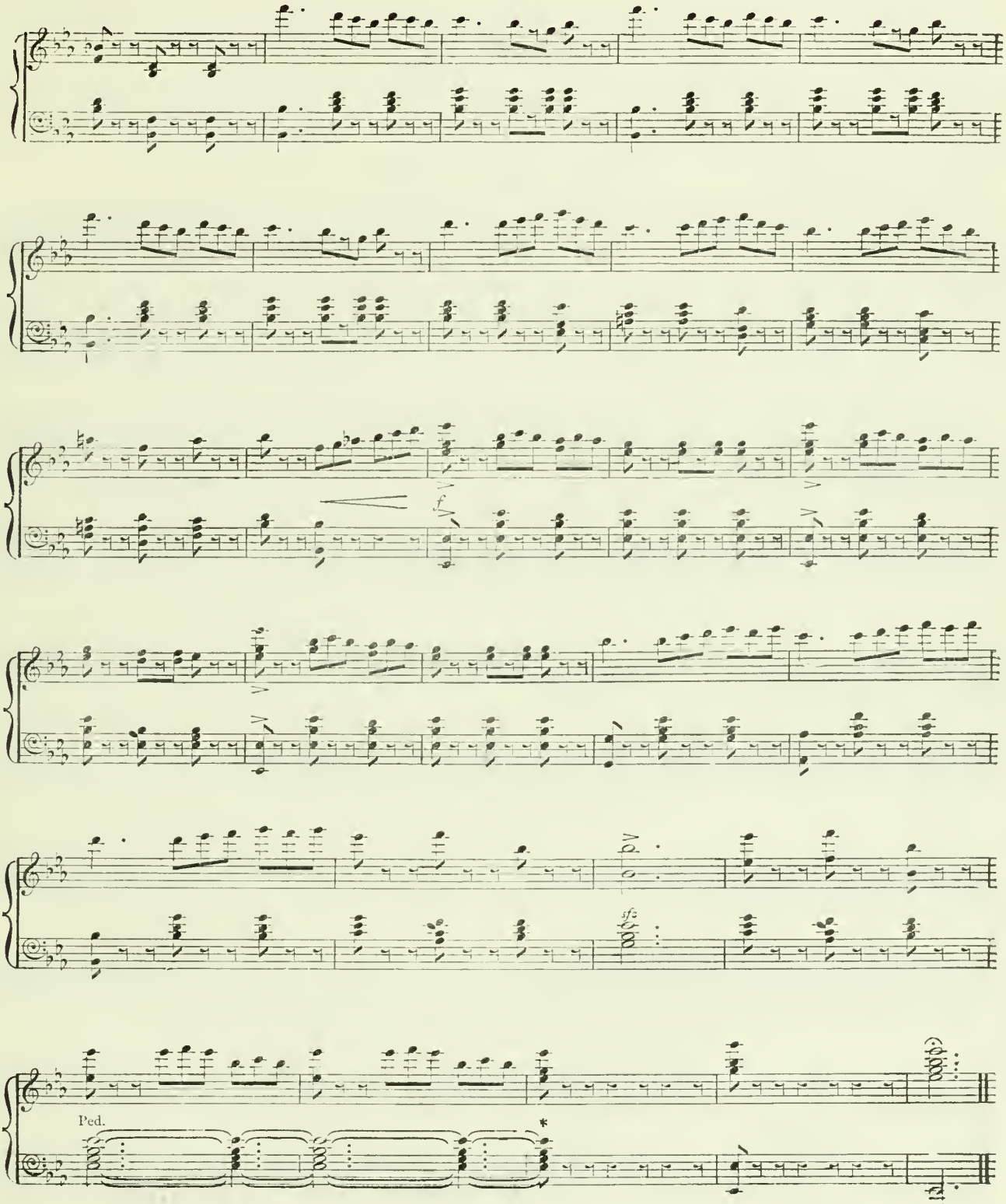
. . . his bride! . . . . . .

. . . his bride! . . . . . .

8va *loco.* DANCE.

* Ped. *

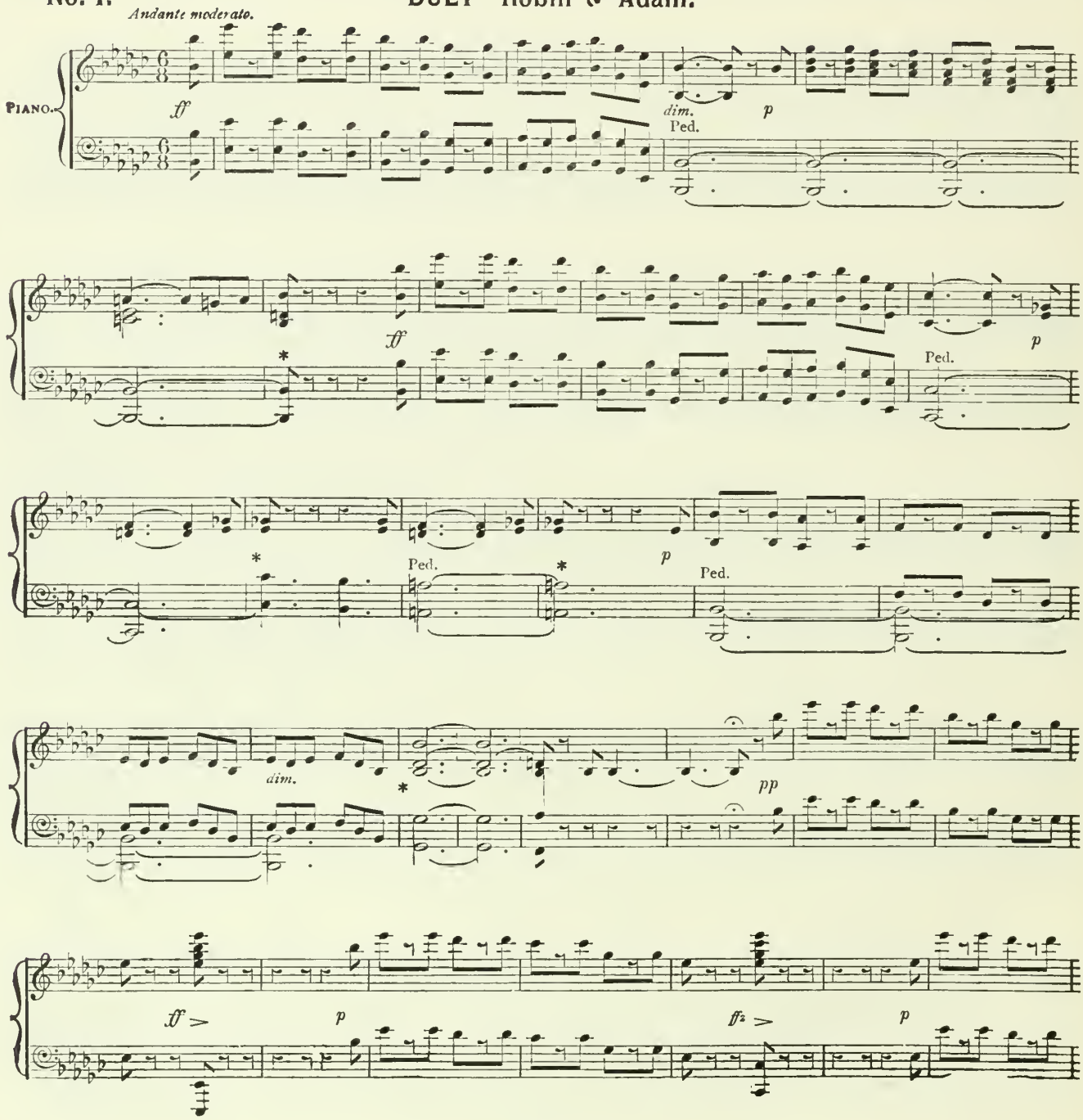




End of Act I.

ACT II.

No. 1. DUET—Robin & Adam.



ffz *p* *ffz*

ROBIN.

I once was as meek as a new - born lamb, I'm now Sir Mur - ga - troyd— ha ! ha ! With

p

great - er pre - cis - ion, (With - out the e - li - sion) Sir Ruth - ven Mur - ga - troyd— ha ! ha !

ADAM.

And I, who was once his

mf

val- ley - de-sham, As stew - ard I'm now em-ploy'd— na ! ha ! The dick - ens may take him — I'll ne - ver for-sake him ! As

How dread-ful when an in-nocent heart Be-comes, per-force, a bad young Bart., And

steward I'm now employed— ha! ha! How dread-ful when an in-nocent heart Be-comes, per-force, a bad young Bart., And

p

still more hard on old A-dam His for-mer faith-ful *val-ley-de-sham,* His for-mer faith-ful

still more hard on old A-dam His for-mer faith-ful *val-ley-de sham,* His for mer faith-ful

val-ley-de-sham, His *val-ley-de sham,* . . . His *val-ley-de-sham, de sham!*

val-ley-de-sham, His *val-ley-de-sham,* His *val-ley-de-sham,* His *val-ley,* his *val ley-de-sham!*

rall.

p

rall.

No. 2. DUET & CHORUS—Rose & Richard.

Allegro giojoso.

PIANO.

f

sf

p

RICHARD.

Hap - pi - ly cou - pled are we, You see— I am a jol - ly Jack Tar, My star, And

you are the fair - est, The rich - est and rar - est Of in - no - cent las - ses you are, By far—. . . .

. . . . . Of in - no - cent las - sie you are! Fanned by a fa - vour - ing

gale, You'll sail O - ver life's trea - cher - ous sea With me, And as for bad wea - ther We'll

have it to - ge - ther, And you shall creep un - der my lee, My wee! And

Ped. *

you shall creep un - der my lee,— . . . . My wee! . . . For you

p

are such a smart lit - tle craft— Such a neat lit tle, sweet lit tle craft. Such a

CHORUS.

bright lit - tle, tight lit - tle, Slight lit - tle, light lit - tle, Trim lit - tle, prim lit - tle craft! For she

is such a smart lit - tle craft— Such a neat lit - tle, sweet lit - tle craft. Such a

ROSE.

bright lit-tle, tight lit-tle, Slight lit - tle, light lit-tle, Trim lit-tle, prim lit-tle craft! My

hopes will be blight - ed, I fear, My dear; In a month you'll be go - ing to sea, Quite free, And

all of my wish - es You'll throw to the fish - es As though they were ne - ver to be; Poor me! . .

. . . . . As though they were ne - ver to be, And I shall be left all a

- lone To moan, And weep at your cru el de ceit, Com - plete; While you'll be as - sert - ing Your

free-dom by flirt-ing With ev-e-ry wo-man you meet, You cheat— Ah,— With

Ped.

ev e ry wo-man you meet! Ah— . . Though I

*

p

am such a smart lit-tle craft— Such a neat lit-tle, sweet lit tle craft. Such a

f CHORUS.

bright lit-tle, tight lit-tle, Slight lit-tle, light lit-tle, Trim lit-tle, prim lit-tle, craft! Though she

fz

is such a smart lit - tle craft— Such a neat lit - tle, sweet lit - tle craft. Such a

Ah ! . . . . . .

bright lit - tle, tight lit - tle, Slight lit - tle, light lit - tle, Trim lit - tle, prim lit - tle craft ! Such a

. . . . Ah ! . . . . . .

bright lit-tle, tight lit- tle, Slight lit -tle, light lit- tle, Trim lit -tle, prim lit-tle craft !

8va.

Ped. *

No. 3. SONG—Rose, with Chorus of Bridesmaids.

Andante. ROSE.

In by-gone days I had thy love— Thou hadst my heart. But Fate, all hu-man vows a-

PIANO.

p

-bove, Our lives did part! By the old love thou hadst for me, By the fond heart that beat for

p

thee— By joys . . that ne-ver now can be, . . . Grant thou my prayer!

pp

CHORUS.

Grant thou her prayer!

p

Ped.

ROBIN.

Take her— I yield!

CHORUS.

f

Oh rap - ture! A -

Allegro vivace.

f

*

- way to the par - son we go— Say we're so - li - - ci - tous ve - ry Tha'

he will turn two in - to one— Sing - ing hey, der ry down der - ry! For she

RICHARD.

is such a smart lit - tle craft— Such a neat lit - tle, sweet lit - tle craft— Such a

ROSE.

RICHARD.

ROSE. RICHARD. ROSE. BOTH. *f* CHORUS.

bright lit-tle— Tight lit-tle— Slight lit-tle— Light lit-tle— Trim lit-tle, slim lit-tle craft! For she *is* such a smart lit-tle

craft, Such a neat lit-tle, sweet lit-tle craft— Such a bright lit-tle, tight lit-tle,—Slight lit-tle, light lit tle,

f *sf*

ROSE & RICHARD.

Ah! . . . . . Ah! . . . . . .

Trim lit-tle, prim lit-tle craft! Such a bright lit-tle, tight lit-tle, Slight lit-tle, light lit-tle,

8va.

. . . . . .

Trim lit-tle, prim lit-tle craft!

8va. *loco.*

No. 4. CHORUS OF ANCESTORS, with SOLOS—Robin & Sir Roderic.

Grave maestoso.

PIANO.

p

dim.

TENORS.

Pain - ted em - blems of . . . . a race, . . . All ac -

BASSES.

Pain - ted em - blems of . . . . a race, . . . All ac

- curst in days . . . of yore, . . . Each from . . his ac -

- curst in days . . . of yore, . . . Each from his ac

- cus tomed place . . . Steps in to the world once . .

cus - tomed place . . . Steps in to the world once . .

more !

more !

p

p

TENORS.

Bar-o-net of Ruddigore, Last of our ac - cur - sed line, Down up - on the oaken floor—

BASSES.

Bar-o-net of Ruddigore, Last of our ac - cur sed line, Down up - on the oaken floor—

Down up - on those knees of thine! Cow - ard, pol - troon, sha - ker, squeam-er,

Down up - on those knees of thine! Cow - ard, pol - troon, sha - ker, squeam er,

Block-head, slug - gard, dul - lard, dream - er, Shirk - er, shuf - fler, crawl - er, creep - er,

Block-head, slug - gard, dul - lard, dream - er, Shirk - er, shuf - fler, crawl - er, creep - er,

Snif - fler, snuf - fler, wail - er, weep - er, Earth-worm, mag - got, tad - pole, wee - vil!

Snif - fler, snuf - fler, wail - er, weep er, Earth-worm, mag - got, tad - pole, wee - vil!

Set up - on thy course of e - vil Lest the King of Spec - tre - Land

Set up - on thy course of e - vil Lest the King of Spec tre - Land

ff

Set on thee his gris - ly hand! . .

ff

Set on thee his gris ly hand! . . . . .

ff

RECIT. SIR RODERIC.

Be ware! be-ware! be - ware!

f

RECIT. ROBIN.

Gaunt vi - sion, who art thou . . That

p trem.

thus, with i - cy glare And stern re - lent - less brow, Ap - pear - est, who knows how?

a tempo.

SIR RODERIC.

I am the spec - tre of the late Sir Rod - eric Mur ga troyd, Who comes to warn thee that thy

fate Thou canst not now a - void. A - las, poor ghost! The pi - ty you Ex-press, for

ROBIN.

SIR RODERIC.

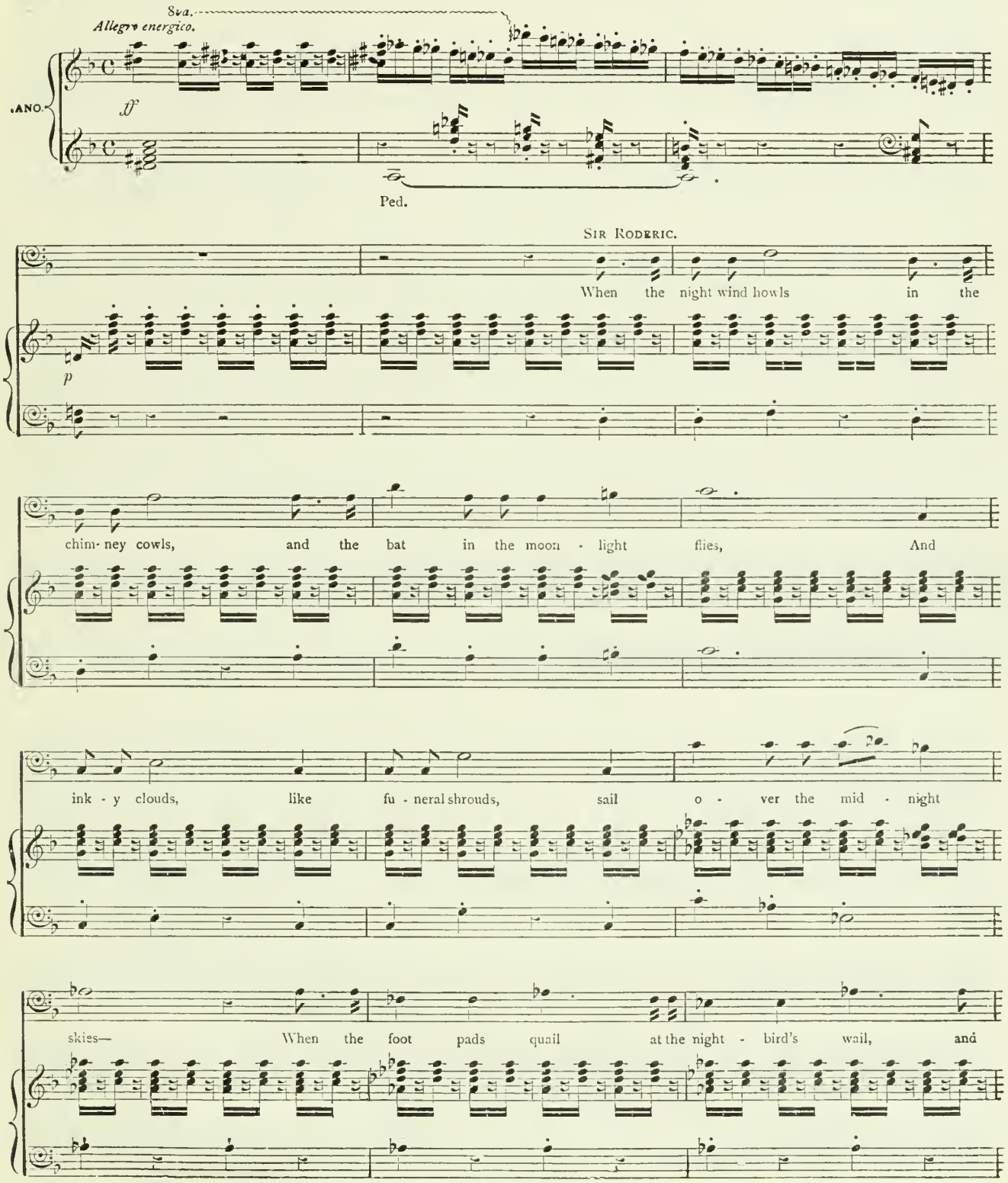
CHORUS.

no - thing goes: We spec-tres are a jol - lier crew Than you, perhaps, suppose! We spec-tres are a jol - lier crew Than you, perhaps, suppose!

We spec-tres are a jol - lier crew Than you, perhaps, suppose!

Attacca

No. 5. SONG—Sir Roderic & Chorus.



black dogs bay at the moon, Then is the spec - tre's

p

ho li - day— then is the ghost's high noon! For

CHORUS. *ff*

Ha! ha!

Ha! ha!

then is the ghost's high noon, high noon, ...

Ha! ha! high noon, ...

Ha! ha! high noon, ...

then is the ghosts' high

then is the ghosts' high

then is the ghosts' high

cres. *f* *sf*

2nd Verse.

noon ! As the sob of the breeze sweeps

noon !

noon !

sf *p*

over the trees and the mists lie low on the fen, From

grey tomb-stones are gathered the bones that once were wo - men and

men, And a - way they go, with a mop and a mow, to the

re - vel that ends too soon, For cock crow li - mits our

p

ho - li - day— the dead of the night's high noon! The

CHORUS. *ff*

Ha! ha!

ff

Ha! ha!

dead of the night's high noon, high noon, ...

Ha! ha! High noon, ...

Ha! ha! High noon, ...

. . . . . the dead of night's high

. . . . . the dead of night's high

. . . . . the dead of night's high

cres. *f* *sf*

3rd Verse.

noon ! And . . then each ghost with his

noon !

noon !

sf *p*

la - dye - toast to their church yard beds take flight, With a

voce.

kiss, per - haps, on her lan - tern chaps, and a gris - ly grim, "good

night!" Till the wel - come knell of the mid - night bell rings

forth its jol - li - est tune, And ush ers in our next high

p

ho - li - day— the dead of the night's high noon! The

CHORUS. *ff*

Ha! ha!

ff

Ha! ha!

dead of the night's high noon, high noon, ...

Ha! ha! high noon, ...

Ha! ha! high noon, ...

. . . . . the dead of the night's high

. . . . . the dead of the night's high

. . . . . the dead of the night's high

eves.

f

noon! . . .

noon! Ha! ha! ha! ha!

noon! Ha! ha! ha! ha!

ff

No. 6.

CHORUS.

CHORUS. TENORS. *f* *p*

He yields! He yields! He an-swers to our

BASSES. *f*

He yields! He yields! He an-swers to our

Allegro con fuoco.

PIANO. *ff* *sf* *p*

call! We do not ask for more.

call! We do not ask for more. A stur-dy fel-low, af ter all, This

A stur-dy fel-low, af-ter all, This la-test Rud-di

la-test Rud-di-gore!

gore! All per - ish in un - heard of woe Who dare our wills de fy; We

All per - ish in un - heard of woe Who dare our wills de - fy;

p *sfz*

want your par - don, ere we go, For hav - ing a - go -

We want your par - don, ere we go, For hav - ing a - go

- nized you so— So par - - don us— So

- nized you so— So par - don us—

p

par - don us— Or die! So par - don us— So

Or die! So par - don us— So

ff *p*

RECIT. ROBIN.
lento.

I par - don you! I par - don you!

par - don us— Or die!

par - don us— Or die!

ff *pp*

a tempo.

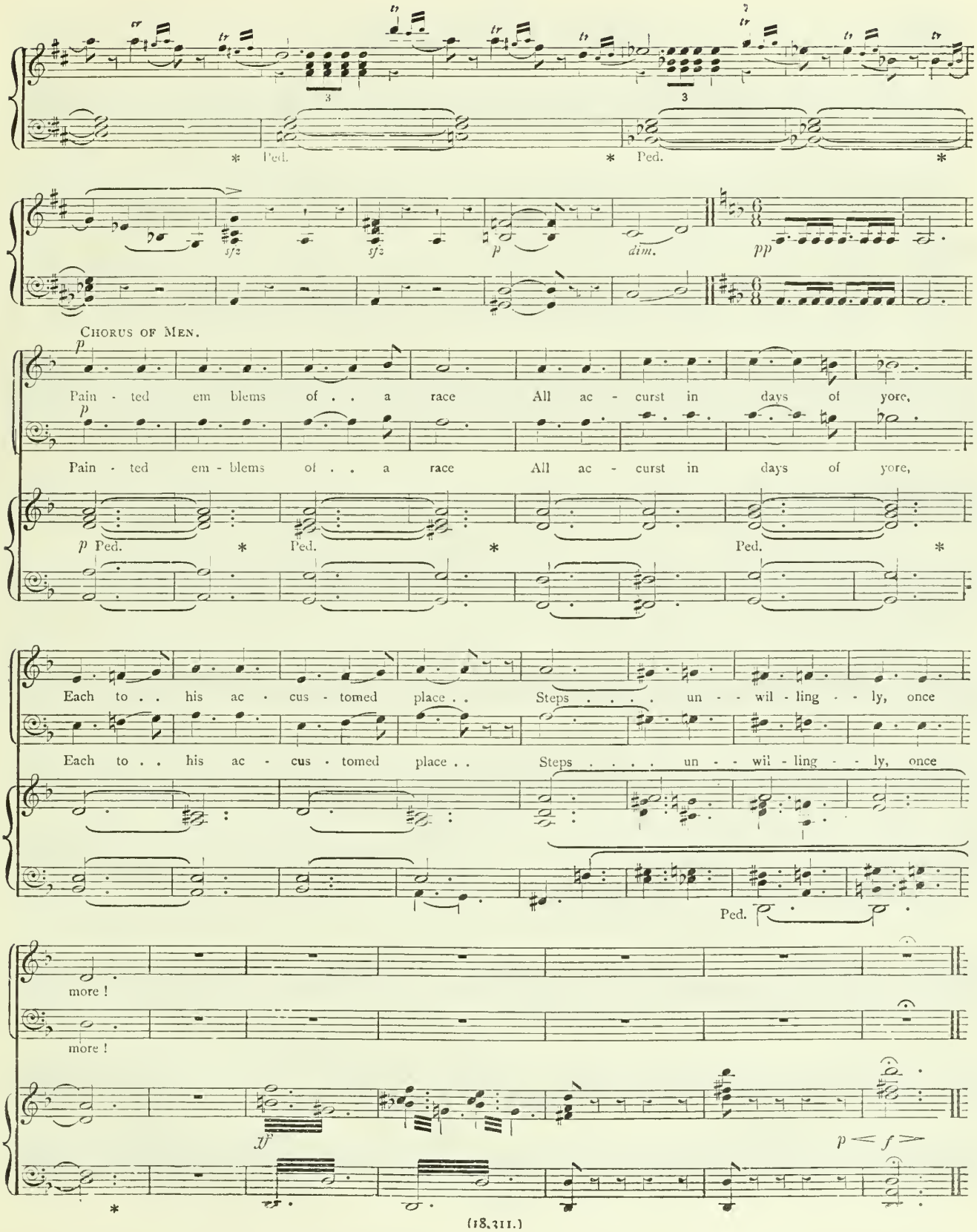
He par - dons us, He par - dons us, He par dons us— Hur - rah!

He par - dons us. He par - dons us, He par - dons us— Hur - rah!

a tempo.

f *p*

Ped.


Ped.
Ped.
sfz
sfz
p
dim.
pp
Chorus of Men.
p
Pain - ted em blems of . . a race All ac - curst in days of yore,
p
Pain - ted em - blems of . . a race All ac - curst in days of yore,
p Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Each to . . his ac - cus - tomed place . . Steps . . . . un - - wil - ling - - ly, once
Each to . . his ac - cus - tomed place . . Steps . . . . un - - wil - ling - - ly, once
Ped.
more !
more !
ff
p < f >

No. 7. RECIT. & SONG—Robin.

Allegro risoluto.

A way, Re - morse! Compunc-tion, hence! Go, Mo-ral

PIANO.

f

Force! Go, Pe - ni tence! To Vir - tue s plea A long fare - well—

sf *sf* *p*

Ped. *

più lento.

Pro-pri e ty, I ring your knell! Come guilt - ti - ness of deadliest hue,

Ped. *

Allegro comodo.

Come desperate deeds of der-ring do

f

Ped. *

1. Hence - forth all the crimes that I find in the *Times* I've pro-mised to per - pe-trate
2. Ye well - to - do squi-res who live in the shi-res, Where pet - ty dis- tinc-tions are
3. Ye sup - ple M. P.s', who go down on your knees, Your pre-cious i - den - ti - ty

p

dai - ly. To - mor-row I start with a pet - ri - fied heart On a re - gu - lar course of Old Bai - ley. There's
vi - tal, Who found Athen - æ-ums and lo - cal mu - se-ums, With views to a ba - ro - net's ti - tle— Ye
sink-ing, And vote black or white as your lea-ders in - dite, (Which saves you the trou - ble of think -ing). For your

con - fi-dence-tricking, bad coin, pock-et-pick-ing, And se - ve - ral o-ther dis - gra - ces— There's postage-stamp prigging, and
butchers and bak-ers and can - dle-stick makers Who sneer at all things that are trade - y— Whose mid dle class lives are em -
country's good fame, her re-pute or her shame, You don't care the snuff of a can - dle— But you're paid for your game when you're

then, thim-ble rig-ging, The three-card de - lu - sion at ra - ces! Oh! . . . a Bar - on - et's rank is ex
- bar-rassed by wives Who long to pa - rade as "My La - dy," Oh! . . . al - low me to of - fer a
told that your name Will be graced by a ba - ro - net's han - dle— Oh! . . . al - low me to give *you* a

- ceed-ing- ly nice, But the ti-tle's uncommonly dear at the price!
word of ad-vice, The ti-tle's uncommonly dear at the price!
word of ad-vice—The ti-tle's uncommonly dear at the price!

f

No. 8. DUET—Margaret & Sir Despard.

Andante quasi Allegro.

PIANO.

f *p*

SIR DESPARD.

I once was a ve - ry a -

MARGARET.

- ban - don'd per - son— Mak-ing the most of e vil chan-ces.

SIR DESPARD.

No - bo-dy could con - ceive a worse 'un—

MARGARET.

E - ven in all the old ro - man - ces.

SIR DESPARD.

I blush for my wild ex - tra - va - gan-ces,

dolce.

MARGARET.

But be so kind To bear in mind, We were the vic - tims of

cir - cum-stan-ces!

p

That is one of our blame - less dan - ces.

MARGARET. 2nd VERSE.

I was once an ex - ceed - ing-ly odd young la - dy—

SIR DESPARD.

Suf-fer - ing much from spleen and va-pours.

MARGARET. SIR DESPARD. MARGARET.

cler - gy-men thought my con - duct sha - dy— She did - n't spend much upon li - nen-drapers. It cer - tain-ly

en - ter - tain'd the ga-pers. My ways were strange Be - yond all range—

dolce.

SIR DESPARD.

Par - a-graphs got in - to all the pa - pers.

p

We on - ly cut re - spect a ble ca - pers.

3rd Verse. Sir Despard. Margaret.

I've gi - ven up all my wild proceedings. My taste for a wand-'ring life is wan-ing.

Sir Despard. Margaret. Sir Despard.

Now I'm a dab at pen - ny read-ings. They are not re-mark - a - bly en - ter - tain - ing. A mo - der-ate

Margaret. Sir Despard

live - li - hood we're gain-ing. In fact we rule A Na - tion - al School. The

dolce.

du - ties are dull, but I'm not complaining!

p

This sort of thing takes a deal of train-ing!

ff

No. 9 TRIO—Margaret, Robin, & Sir Despard.

Allegro vivace.

PIANO. *f*

ROBIN.

My eyes are ful - ly o - pen to my aw - ful sit - u - a - tion—I shall go at once to Ro - der - ic and

mf

make him an o - ra - tion, I shall tell him I've re - co-vered my for - got- ten mor- al sen-ses, And I don't care two-pence half penny for

a - ny con - se-quences. Now I do not want to per- ish by the sword or by the dag-ger, But a mar-tyr may in-dulge a lit - tle

par-don- a - ble swagger, And a word or two of com-pli-ment my van - i - ty would flat-ter, But I've got to die to - mor-row, so it

MARGARET.

So it real ly does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter—So it

ROBIN.

real- ly does-n't mat- ter !

SIR DESPARD.

So it real - ly does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter—So it real - ly does-n't mat-ter, mat ter,

real- ly does-n't mat- ter— So it real-ly does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter,

So it real - ly does-n't mat- ter ! So it real- ly does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter,

mat-ter, mat-ter, mat- ter— So it real-ly does- n't mat-ter ! So it real- ly does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter,

cres.

2nd VERSE.

mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter ! If I were not a lit - tle mad and

p *dim.* *pp*

mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter,

p *dim.* *pp*

mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter,

sfz *pp* *dim.* *pp*

gen - e - ral - ly si' - ly I should give you my ad-vice up - on the sub-ject, wil - ly nil - ly ; I should show you in a moment how to

mat-ter !

mat-ter !

grap-ple with the question, And you'd real-ly be as - tonished at the force of my sug-ges-tion. On the sub-ject I shall write you a most

val - u - a - ble let -ter, Full of ex - cel -lent sug-ges-tions When I feel a lit - tle bet -ter, But at pre -sent I'm a -fraid I am as

mad as a - ny hat- ter, So I'll keep em to my -self, for my o - pin- ion does-n't mat-ter !

Her o -

Her o - pin-ion does-n't mat- ter, mat-ter,

Her o - pin-ion doesn t mat-ter,

- pin- ion does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, Her o - pin-ion does-n't mat-ter !

mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, Her o - pin-ion does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter ! Her o

My o - pin-ion does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat- ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat- ter, mat-ter, mat- ter, mat-ter,

Her o - pin- ion does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat- ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat- ter, mat-ter, mat- ter, mat-ter,

- - pin- ion does-n't mat- ter, Her o pin- ion does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat- ter, mat-ter, mat-ter !

cres. *sfz* *p*

3rd Verse.

mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter !

mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter!

If I had been so luck - y as to have a stead-y brother Who could talk to me as we are talk-ing

now to one an - o - ther, Who could give me good ad - vice when he dis - cov ered I was er - ring, (Which is just the ve - ry fa - vour which on

you I am con - fer - ring). My ex - is - tence would have made a ra - ther in - ter - est - ing i - dyll, And I might have lived and died a ve - ry

de - cent in - di - widdle. This par - tic - u - lar - ly ra - pid, un - in - tel - li - gi - ble pat - ter Is - n't gen - er - al - ly heard, and if it

f

If it is it does - n't mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, If it

If it is it does - n't mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, mat - ter, If it is it does - n't mat - ter, mat - ter,

is it does - n't mat - ter!

f

is it does-n't mat-ter! This par- tic - u - lar - ly rap- id, un - in - tel - li - gi - ble pat - ter Is - n't gen - er - al - ly heard, and if it

f

mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter! This par - tic - u - lar - ly rap - id, un - in - tel - li - gi - ble pat - ter Is - n't gen - er - al - ly heard, and if it

f

This par - tic - u - lar - ly rap - id, un - in tel - li - gi - ble pat - ter Is - n't gen - er - al - ly heard, and if it

cres.

is it does-n't mat-ter, This par - tic - u - lar - ly ra - pid, un - in - tel - li - gi - ble pat - ter Is - n't gen - e - ral - ly heard, and if it

is it does-n't mat-ter, This par - tic - u - lar - ly ra - pid, un - in tel - li - gi - ble pat ter Is - n't gen - e - ral - ly heard, and if it

is it does-n't mat-ter, This par - tic - u - lar - ly ra - pid, un - in - tel - li - gi - ble pat - ter Is - n't gen - e - ral - ly heard, and if it

sf *ff*

is it does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter!

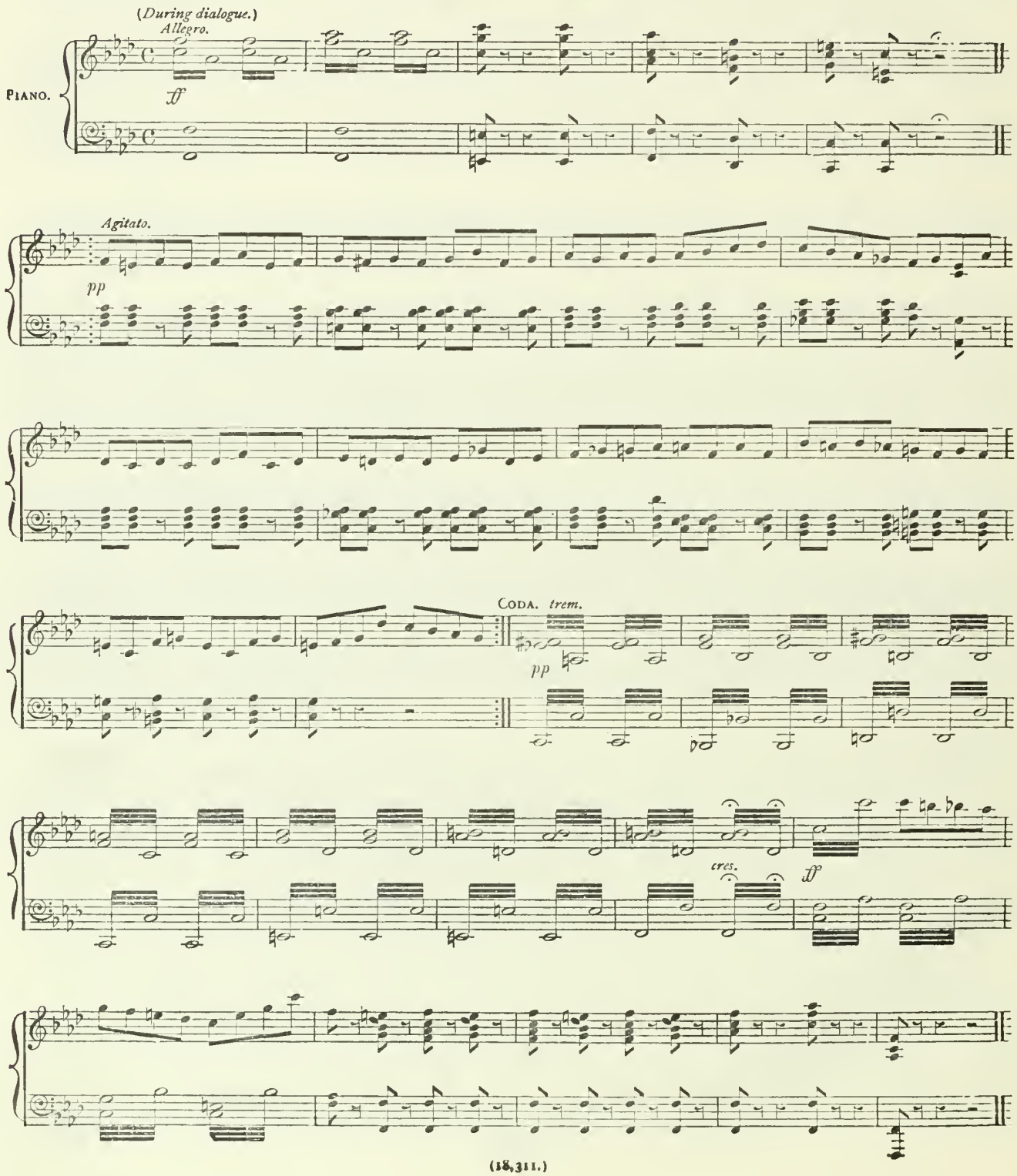
is it does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter!

is it does-n't mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter, mat-ter!

f

No. 9a.

MELODRAME.



No. 10. SONG—Hannah (with Sir Roderic).

Andante Allegretto.

HANNAH.

1. There grew a lit - tle flow - er 'Neath a great oak tree: When the tem - pest 'gan to low - er Lit - tle heed - ed she: No need had she to cow - er, For she dread-ed not its power— She was hap - py in the bow - er Of her great oak tree! Sing hey, Lack - a - day! . . .
2. When she found that he was fic - kle, Was that great oak tree, She was in a pret - ty pic - kle, As she well might be— But his gal - lant-tries were mic - kle, For death followed with his sic-kle, And her tears be - gan to tric - kle For her great oak tree! Sing hey, Lack - a - day! . . .
3. Said she "He loved me ne - ver, Did that great oak tree, But I'm nei - ther rich nor clev - er, And so why should he? But though fate our for - tunes se - ver, To be con-stant I'll en-deavour, Aye, for e - ver and for e - ver, To my great oak tree!" Sing hey, Lack - a - day! . . .

Andante Allegretto.

PIANO.

f *p* *p*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Sing hey, Lack-a-day! Let the tears fall free For the pret - ty lit tle flower and the

great oak tree! Sing hey, Lack - a - day! . . Sing hey, Lack - a -

Sing hey, ... Lack-a - day! Sing hey, ...

cres.

. day! . . Sing hey, Lack-a - day! Let the tears fall free For the pret-ty lit-tle flow-er and the

. . Lack-a - day! Hey, lack-a - day! Let the tears fall free For the pret-ty lit-tle flow-er and the

f *dim.* *p*

1st & 2nd times. *3rd time.*

great oak tree! 2. When she tree!" Sing hey, Lack-a -
3. Said

great oak tree! tree! Sing hey, ...

p

dim. *riten.* *p*

. day! Hey, lack-a - day, Lack - a day, lack - a - day!

. . . Lack-a day! Hey, lack-a - day, Lack - a day, lack - a - day!

dim. *pp* *pp*

Ped.

No. 11. FINALE—ACT II.

Allegro con brio.

PIANO.

f *p*

1st VERSE. ROSE.

When a man has been a naugh - ty Ba - ro - net, And ex pres ses deep re pen - tance and re - gret,

2nd VERSE. RICHARD.

If you ask me why I do not pipe my eye, Like an hon - est Bri - tish sai - lor, I re - ply,

You should help him, if you're a - ble, Like the mou - se in the fa - ble, That's the teach-ing of my Book of E ti - quette.

That with Zo - rah for my mis - sis, There'll be bread and cheese and kis - ses, Which is just the sort of ra - tion I en - iye l

f CHORUS. 1st VERSE.

That's the teach - ing in her Book of E - ti - quette.

p 1st VERSE. ROBIN.

Hav - ing been a wick - ed Ba - ro - net a week,

2nd VERSE.

f

Which is just the sort of ra - tion you en jye!

2nd VERSE. MARGARET & SIR DESPARD.

Prompt-ed by a keen de - si re to e - voke,

f

p

Once a - gain a mod-est live - li - hood I seek,

Ag - ri - cul - tu - ral em - ploy-ment Is to me a keen en - joy - ment,

All the bles - sed calm of mat - ri mo ny's yoke,

We shall tod - dle off to - mor-row, From this scene of sin and sor - row,

CHORUS. 1st time.

f

For I'm nat - u - ral - ly dif fi - dent and meek!

For he's nat - u - ral - ly dif - fi - dent and meek!

For to set - tle in the town of Ba - sing - stoke!

For he's nat - u ral - ly dif - fi - dent and meek!

f

2nd time.
All the PRINCIPALS *with* CHORUS.

f

Promp-ted by a keen de si - re to e - voke, All the bles-sed calm of mat - ri - mon y's yoke,

f

Promp-ted by a keen de - si - re to e - voke, All the bles-sed calm of mat - ri - mon - y's yoke,

f

They will tod-dle off to-mor-row From this scene of sin and sor-row, For to set-tle in the town of Bas ing - stoke!

They will tod-dle off to-mor-row From this scene of sin and sor-row, For to set-tle in the town of Bas - ing - stoke!

ff

For to set - tle in the town of Bas - ing - stoke! They will tod-dle off to - morrow, From this scene of sin and sor-row,

For to set - tle in the town of Bas - ing - stoke! They will tod-dle off to - morrow, From this scene of sin and sor-row,

For to set - tle, set - tle, set - tle, set - tle, set - tle, set - tle, in the town . . . . . .

For to set - tle set - tle, set - tle, set - tle, set - tle, set - tle, in the town . . . . . .

sf *sf*

. . . . . of Ba . . . sing . . . . .

. . . . . of Ba . . . . . sing . . . . .

- stoke! For hap - py the li - ly, the li - ly when

- stoke! For hap - py the li ly, the li - ly when

kiss'd by the bee; But hap - pier than a - ny, but hap - pier than a - ny A

kiss'd by the bee; But hap - pier than a - ny, but hap pier than a - ny A

lo - ver is, when he em bra - ces

lo - ver is, when he em bra - - - - ces

his . . . . . bride! . . . . .

his . . . . . bride! . . . . . .

(18,311.) *End of Opera.*

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